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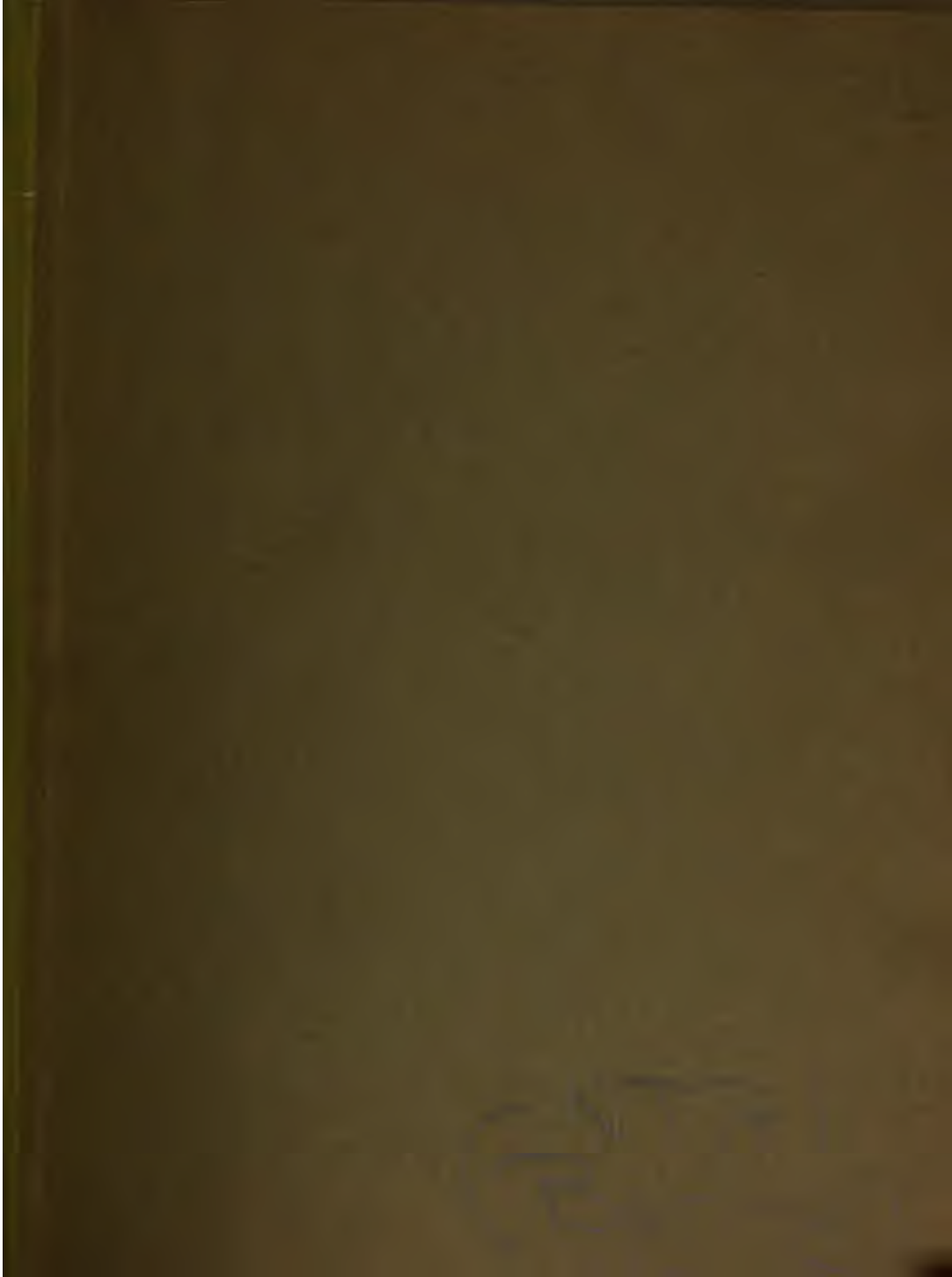
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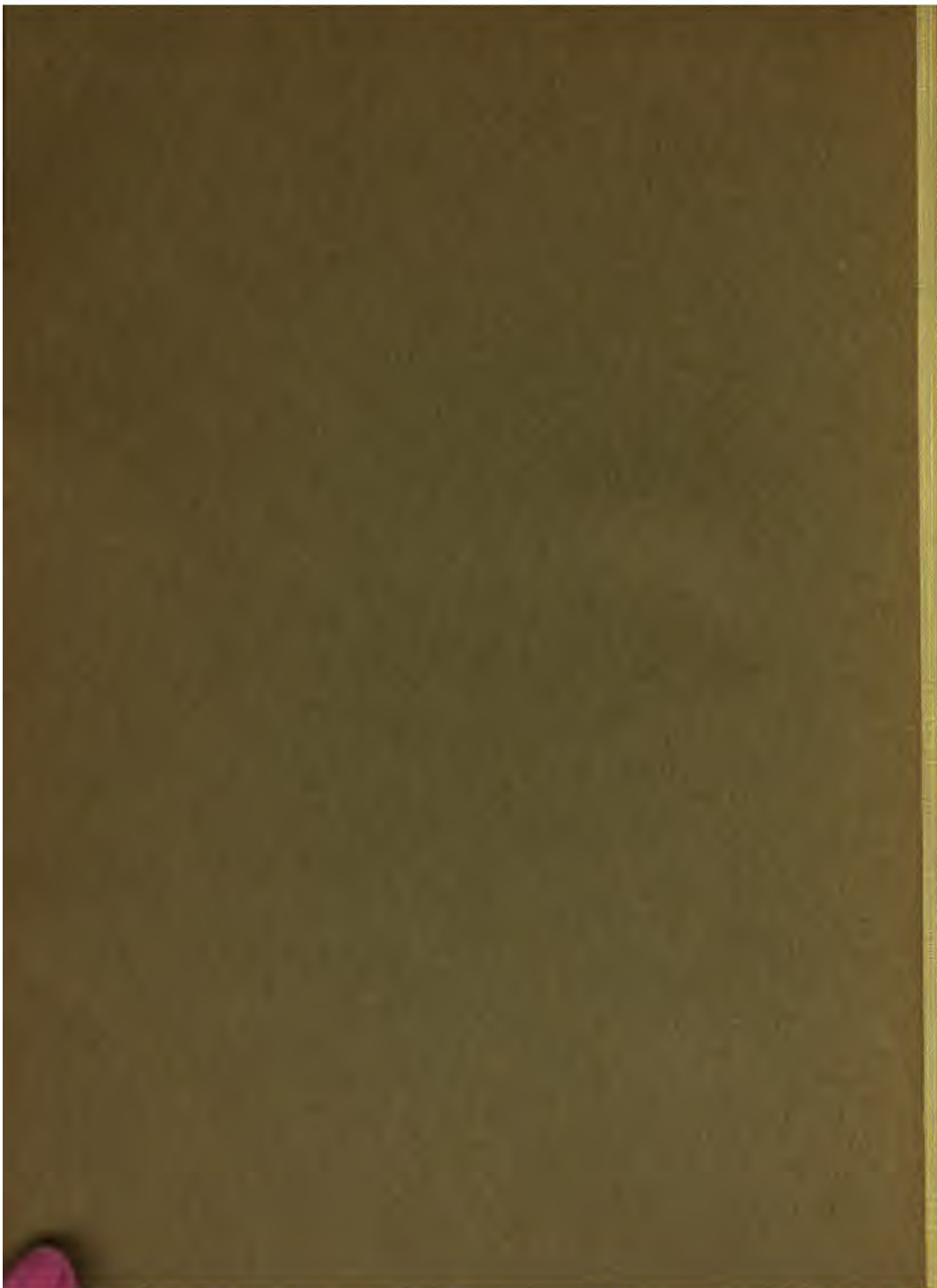


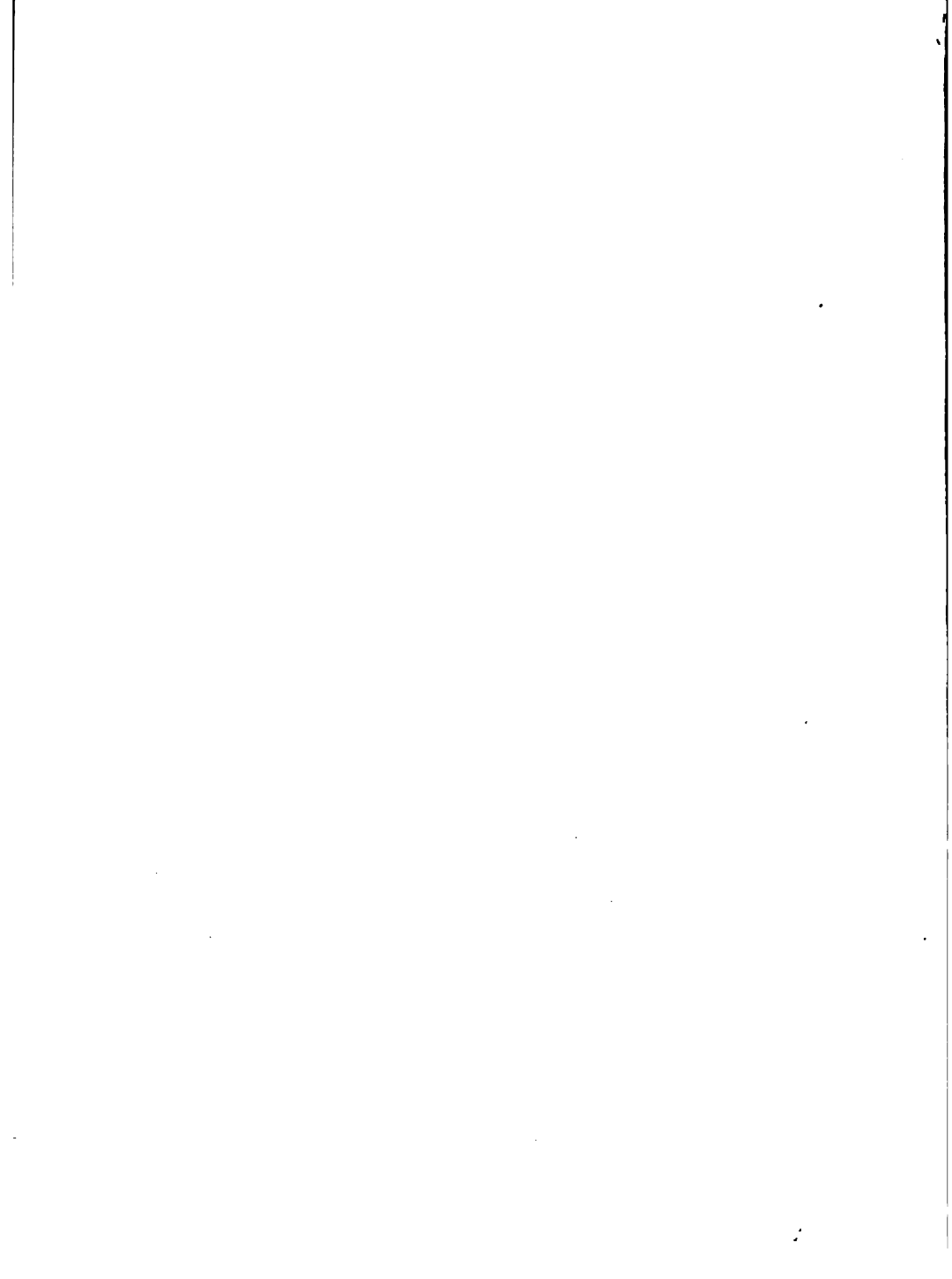
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THE LYRICS OF HORACE

Done into English Rhyme

By THOMAS CHARLES BARING, M.A.

(LATE FELLOW) OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

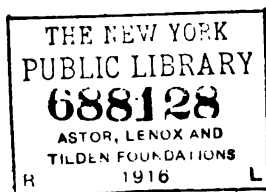
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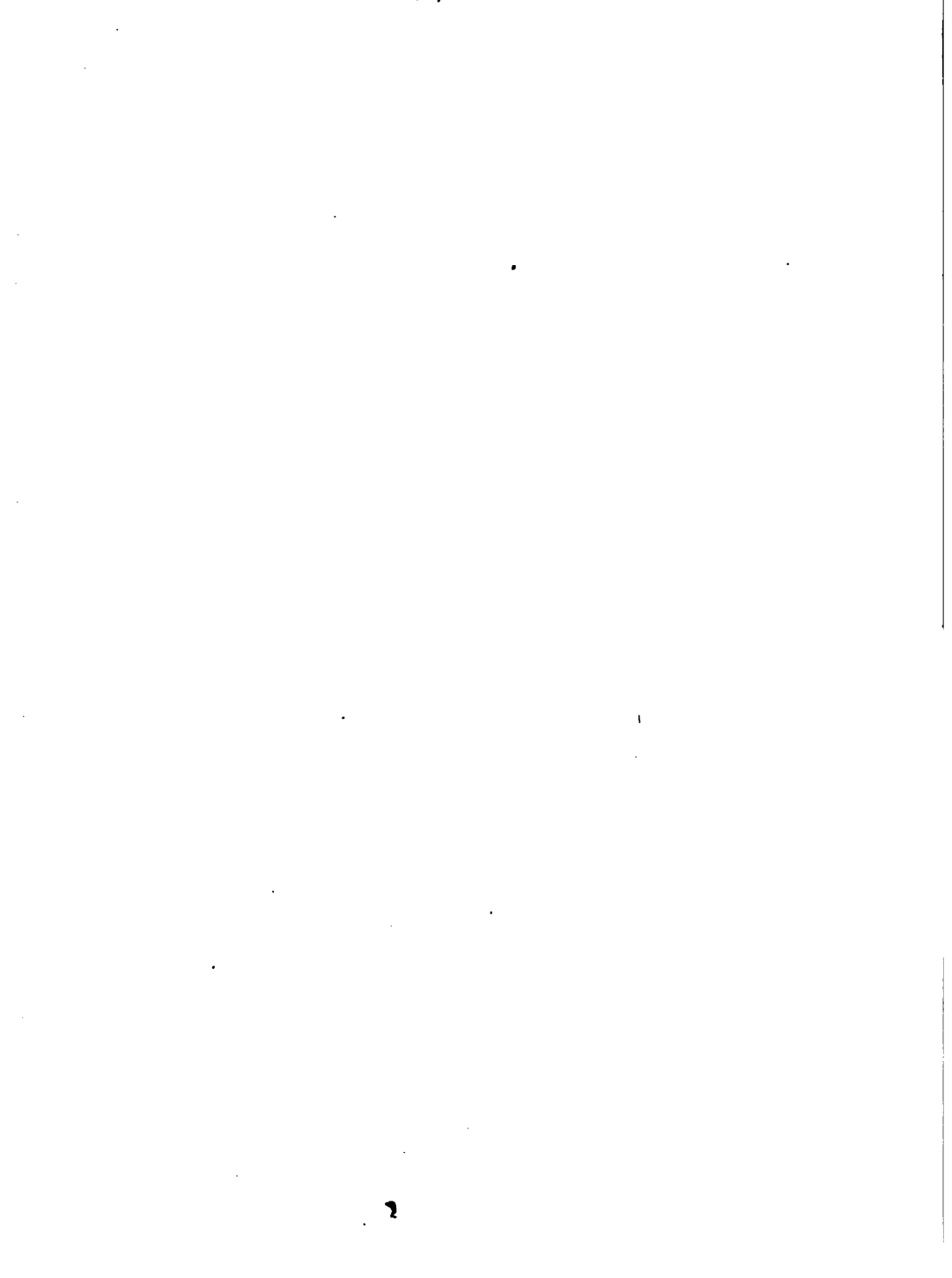
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ODES

BOOK 1



Tuesday

Dr. Henry Draper

New York University

Dr.

The calm of his township the trader craves ;

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ASTOR LENOX AND
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I. To Mæcenas

MÆCENAS, son of a kingly line,
Thou guardian angel and glory mine,
There are lords of the land who for ever must
In their racing-cars gather Olympian dust,
Where the post they graze in their wheels' hot speed,
And the bliss of the gods is the winner's meed.
This man, if the changeable people's voice
Proclaim him again and again their choice,
Lives happy ; and that, if his own barn doors
Shut on all that men garner from Libyan floors.
The farmer, who tills in the joy of health
His ancestors' acres, not Attalus' wealth
Could tempt in a Cyprian barque to be
A sailor, and plough the Myrtoan sea.
Whilst the south wind battles with Icarus' waves,
The calm of his township the trader craves ;

But his shattered ship he will soon repair,
For poverty nothing will teach him to bear.
Some love, over cups of old Massic wine,
To steal a few hours from the hot sunshine,
With their limbs 'neath the evergreen arbutus spread,
Or by some calm rivulet's hallowed head.
The camp, with its clarion and fife, suits best
Many more, and the battle that mothers detest.
The sportsman will sleep 'neath the wintry sky,
Nor dream of his young wife's parting sigh,
If his trusty deerhounds a stag have seen,
Or a Marsian boar through his nets has been.
My heaven is to win me the ivy crown
That the sages wear, to the crowd unknown,
To dwell in some cool green glade, and spy
The Satyrs and Nymphs at their revels high,
If only Euterpe vouchsafe the flute,
And Polymnia grudge not the Lesbian lute:
But, if thou enroll me 'mongst bards of rhyme,
I shall strike the stars with my head sublime.

2. To Augustus

ENOUGH of terrible hail and snow
The Father hath sent us on earth below ;
The city has trembled to see the glow
 Of the red right hand of heaven
Strike holy places : the peoples feared
That Pyrrha's age had again appeared
With its strange sad portents, when Protéus' herd
 To the mountain-tops were driven ;
When the fish stuck fast in the high elm-tree,
Where the nest of the turtle-dove used to be ;
And scared, in the midst of a shoreless sea,
 The hinds swam to and fro.
We beheld yellow Tiber, swollen with rain,
From his Tuscan shore hurled back amain,
King Numa's palace and Vesta's fane
 With his waves to overthrow ;

While the river-god vowed, that in spite of Jove,
 He would vengeance take for his grieving love ;
 And wandered the Latian bank above,

In anger at Ilia's pain.

Our children will hear that for civil strife,
 And for battles at home, we have whetted the knife
 That better had taken the Persian's life,

If children of ours remain.

To which of the gods shall our hapless throng
 Appeal in its ruin? With what new song
 Shall her holy virgins the day prolong

To Vesta, deaf to their moan ?

Whom shall Jove commission to purge away
 Our crimes? Apollo ! to thee we pray,
 Assoilzie us, Seer with the cloud of grey

Over ivory shoulders thrown.

Or thou, Erycina, if thou wilt hear,
 Whom love and laughter flit ever near ;
 Or Mars, if at last thou wilt bend thine ear

To thy children and kinsfolk's cry ;

Thou art sated with too long sport in sooth,
 Who lovest war's rattle, and helmets smooth,
 And the Moor's keen visage that shows no ruth

Though his foeman bleeding lie.

Or thou, sweet Maia's wingèd son,
If a youthful form thou wilt deign to don,
And as Cæsar's avenger will tarry upon

Our earth as thy chosen home ;
To thy heavenward flight be a long delay,
Be happy and late among us thy stay,
From Romulus' people to bear thee away,

For our sins let no hurricane come ;
May glorious triumphs attend thee here,
Be " Prince " and " Father " thy names to bear,
Whilst Media's horsemen shall ride in fear
Of Cæsar the lord of Rome.

3. To a Ship taking Virgil to Athens

So Cyprus' potent goddess, thee
 Conduct, and Helen's twin star-brothers ;
 So may the king of winds all others
 Keep bound, but leave Iapyx free ;
 As thou, good ship, shalt do thy part
 To bear thy charge to Attic ground,
 And there deliver safe and sound
 Virgil, the partner of my heart.
 A heart of oak and triple mail
 Were his, who first in shallop light,
 Unheeding Afric's headstrong might,
 Across the cruel sea set sail.
 Nought of rough Aquilo recked he,
 Nor Hyad's tears, nor Notus' anger,
 Who, lord of safety and of danger,
 Can rouse or calm the Adrian sea ;

No kind of death could him affright,
 Who watched, dry-eyed, the dolphins play,
 And saw through clouds of foam and spray
 Ceraunia's rocks, that awful sight !
 In vain the gods, with kind forethought,
 Have placed, to sever land from land,
 Broad seas, if reckless o'er the sand
 Ships sail, and set their scheme at nought.
 There's nothing man will not essay ;
 No wrong forbid he dare not try :
 Venturous Prometheus from the sky
 By fraud to earth stole fire away :
 When Fire had left his wonted place,
 Disease, and Fever's ghastly band
 Came down and settled in the land ;
 And slow Necessity the pace
 Quickened of Death far off before.
 Dædalus strove to walk the air
 On wings not given to men to wear ;
 Hercules' strength burst Hades' door.
 No hope's too high for mortal breast ;
 Our folly aims at Heaven above ;
 Nor will our sins permit that Jove
 His bolts of wrath should lay to rest.

4. To Lucius Sextius

SHARP winter melts with spring's delicious birth ;
 The ships glide down on rollers to the sea ;
 The herds forsake their stalls, the hind his hearth ;
 No more with hoar-frost gleams the whitened lea.
 Venus from Cythera the dances leads,
 And hand in hand the Nymphs and Graces come,
 And tread the moonlit sward ; while Vulcan feeds
 The fires that heat the Cyclops' busy home :
 With myrtle now 'tis time to wreath our brows,
 Or flowers up-springing from the earth let loose,
 And in the shady grove to pay our vows
 With lamb or kid, whichever Faunus choose.
 Pale Death alike knocks at the poor man's house
 And the king's palace. Happy Sextius ! few
 And brief the hopes our little day allows ;
 Dark Night brings on apace the shadowy crew

II

Of Pluto's dismal reign ; once thou art there,
The mastership of toasts thou ne'er wilt get.
Nor look on Lycidas, whose beauty rare
Now the young men, and soon the girls will pet.

5. To Pyrrha

WHAT slim youth dripping with perfume,
 In pleasant grot where roses bloom,
 Woos Pyrrha now to love? For whom
 Bind'st thou thy auburn hair
 In simple loveliness? Ah! me,
 False gods, faith broken, speedily
 He'll mourn, black winds and stormy sea,
 Who does not look to bear.
 He now takes all thy coin for gold;
 He hopes thy whim for aye to hold;
 Nor dreams of being in the cold.
 Oh! how I pity all
 Who know not thy false glitter; I,
 From shipwreck saved, in memory,
 A picture and my clothes to dry
 Have hung on Neptune's wall.

6. To Agrippa

IN verses Homeric, Agrippa, thy story
 Of conquest let Varius tell : how with thee
 For leader our soldiers have won deathless glory,
 Where'er they have battled, by land and by sea.
 I dare not attempt such a subject as this is,
 Nor sing of Achilles' invincible ire,
 Nor the weary sea-travel of cunning Ulysses,
 Nor the offspring of Pelops, as fierce as their sire.
 My muse is too peaceful, and shyly recoiling,
 Shuns aims too exalted for her slender powers,
 Lest her talents be only successful in spoiling
 The praise of illustrious Cæsar, and yours.
 What poet can fitly the infinite praises
 Of Mars, with his adamant tunic, indite ?
 Or of Merion, black with the dust that he raises ?
 Or Diomed, rivalling gods in the fight

By the help of Minerva? The girls' mimic battle,

- When, wroth with their swains, they make ready their—nails;
And the joys of the banquet, are themes for my prattle,
Where, free or hard hit, frolic always prevails.

7. To Munatius Plancus

BRIGHT Rhodes, Mitylene, and Ephesus others shall sing,
Or Corinth, the queen of two seas ;
Or Thebes, dear to Bacchus, or Tempe's Thessalian spring,
Or the shrine of Apollo's decrees.
Some needs must in sonnets incessantly chant the renown
Of immaculate Pallas's home,
And gather fresh leaflets to twine in her olive crown.
In honour of Juno some
The horses of Argos, and wealth of Mycenæ praise.
Me not Lacedemon can please,
Nor the fertile meads that the flocks of Larissa graze,
As well as the darkling trees
Of Tiber, and Anio's falls, and the orchards that lie
Round noisy Albunea's spring.
Not seldom the south-wind sweepeth the clouds from the sky,
And her rain-drops refuseth to bring

To the birth. So, Plancus, be wise, and in wine wash away
The sorrows of lifelong toil :
Whether still in the camp, 'midst the gleam of gay pennons, thou stay,
Or repair to the thick-wooded soil
Of thy own native Tibur. When Teucer from Salamis fled,
And his father's implacable breast,
A chaplet of poplar he twined round his temples, 'tis said,
And thus his sad comrades addressed :
“ Where'er Fate may lead us, more gentle than fatherly pride,
Companions and friends, we will go :
Despair then of nothing, with Teucer for augur and guide ;
For the god of the ivory bow
A new Salamis in a new country has promised to rear :
Brave men, who through worse floods of sorrow
Have waded with me, with the wine cup to-day banish care ;
We will plough the wide ocean to-morrow.”

8. To Lydia

By all the gods pray, Lydia ! say,
 Why Sybaris you haste to slay
 With love ? Why field-sports bid him shun,
 Who should rejoice in dust and sun,
 A soldier 'midst his peers should ride,
 And tame the Gallic charger's pride
 With rein and curb ; yet fears to lave
 His body in red Tiber's wave,
 And dreads sweet olive oil as much
 As if it were a viper's touch ?
 His arms have ne'er been trained to war,
 Ne'er thrown the quoit or javelin far.
 Hides he like sea-born Thetis' son,
 Ere Troy by tearful siege was won,
 Lest manly pastimes on him bring
 Death from the hordes of Lycia's king ?

9. To Thaliarchus

DON'T you see how Soracte gleams white with deep snow ?

How the labouring woods cannot bear

Its weight ? and the rivers no longer can flow

For the frost that is keen in the air ?

Come, toast-master, thaw us the cold ; bid them bring

Bigger logs to pile up on the fire ;

And fill with good liquor that's seen its fourth spring

Yonder jug that we Sabines admire.

Leave the rest to the gods ; they have hushed with a word

The winds, that were fighting the deep

Till it seethed in its wrath ; not a cypress is stirred,

And the ash-trees have trembled to sleep.

Never trouble thy head what the morrow may prove,

Make the most of each day as it flies.

'Twere a pity that boyhood the pleasures of love

And the joy of the dance should despise.

Grey hairs with their crotchets will soon be thine own ;
 Whilst young, let the field and the lists
Be thy joy, and the murmurs in soft undertone
 At the carefully-planned twilight trysts ;
And the clear-ringing laugh, from a corner just near,
 That thy sweetheart in hiding betrays,
And the gage deftly snatched from an arm that is dear,
 Or a finger that coyly delays.

10. To Mercury

HAIL! Mercury! from Atlas sprung,
 Who erst, when man was wild and young,
 Good manners taught'st with fluent tongue,

And true athletic style.

Thee, Jove's ambassador, I sing :
 Thee, father of the Cittern's string ;
 Who, if thou wilt, canst anything

Abstract with thievish guile.

In boyhood, when Apollo swore
 The stolen beeves thou should'st restore,
 Thou took'st his quiver ; he, before

He smote, was forced to smile.

Rich Priam too, with thee for guide,
 In safety mocked th' Atrides' pride.
 And 'midst the blazing watch-fires hied
 Of Troy's relentless foe.

The pious dead with golden rod
Thou usher'st to their blest abode ;
As welcome to each upper god
As to the gods below.

II. To Leuconoe

ASK not, 'tis not right to know it, what last end for thee and me
Heaven has set, nor Babylonian numbers try, Leuconoe :
Better, whate'er comes, to bear it ; whether many winters more
We shall see, or this our last be, which along th' Etruscan shore
Hurls the waves in spray to perish on the shifting shingly beach.
If thou'rt wise thou'lt quaff, and quickly grasp the hopes within thy reach.
Even now, whilst we are talking, grudging time pursues his flight :
Use to-day, and trust as little as thou may'st to-morrow's light.

12. To Augustus

WHICH of the gods, or men, or heroes, say,
 Does Clio choose to celebrate to-day,
 With lyre or flute, till Echo in her play

Repeat his name

Mid Helicon's green consecrated bowers,
 On Pindus heights, or where cold Hæmus towers,
 Whence headlong groves, drawn by his lute's sweet powers,

To Orpheus came?

Who by his mother's art the running rill
 Could stay in mid career, wild winds could still,
 And bade oaks listen to his dulcet quill,

And with him go.

Whom rather should my song extol than thee,
 Father of all, who rul'st with just decree
 The world of gods and men, of earth and sea,

The seasons thro'?

Greater than Thee is none ; and none thy peer :
Nor second rank to claim can any dare.

Yet, Pallas, thou in eminence most near

Thy father art.

Next Liber claims my homage, bold in fight ;
And Dian, virgin huntress, queen of night ;
And Phœbus, skilled to aim for fatal flight

Th' unerring dart.

Alcides too I'll sing : and Leda's twins ;
One in the race, and one in wrestle, wins
Renown ; and when their kindly star begins

Its light to shed,

The sea-foam from the rocks drops suddenly,
The winds are hushed, the clouds disperse and flee ;
And, for 'tis their command, the angry sea

Is quieted.

If Romulus come next, sweet Muse, decide,
Or Numa's quiet reign, or Tarquin's pride ;
Or how in scorn of baseness Cato died

A noble death.

Regulus, and the Scauri, and the day
When Paulus worsted cast his life away ;
Fabricius too deserves the grateful lay

For stainless faith.

He, and Camillus, unkempt Curius too,
 Heroes of many a fight, to manhood grew
 In straitest poverty : acres but few

Were theirs to own.

Marcellus' fame grows like a sapling strong,
 Slowly but surely : all the rest among
 Shines Julius, moon-like 'midst the starry throng

Less glorious grown.

Great Saturn's son ! guardian and sire divine
 Of all mankind, to thee the Fates assign
 The care of Cæsar ; only less than thine

Be Cæsar's sway.

He,—whether he repel with conquest's sword
 The Parthians threat'ning Rome, or force each horde
 Of Tartary and Ind to hail him lord,—

With upright sway

Shall rule broad earth, less great than none but Jove ;
 While thy dread car Olympus' crest above
 Shall shake ; and fierce through each polluted grove

Thy lightnings play.

13. To Lydia

Ah ! Lydia ! when you praise
 Telephus' rosy neck or wax-white arm,
 The angry bile you raise,
 That works my poor old liver so much harm.
 My mind then spurns control,
 My colour comes and goes ; adown my cheek
 Salt tears unbidden roll,
 And of slow fires that waste my vitals speak.
 I burn, if the mad youth
 In shameless quarrel on your neck upset
 His wine, or if his tooth
 Leave on your lip a mark you can't forget.
 If you would list to me,
 Not long you'd bear one, who your dainty lips
 Entreats so cruelly,
 Which Venus with her own sweet nectar tips.

Happy, thrice happy, they
Whose mutual complaints ne'er break their mutual bond ;
Whose leash wears not away,
Who living longer ever grow more fond.

14. An Allegory

OLD ship, once more to sea wilt turn thy prow
 Across fresh waves? Be bold! and stay ashore!
 What dost thou? Seest not how
 Thy side has ne'er an oar?
 Thy masts and yards groan with the wounds they hide
 Dealt by the swift south wind: thy cordage gone,
 Thy keel could not abide
 Rough ocean angry grown.
 The mocking stars through thy rent canvas shine:
 Thou hast no gods in strait to do thee good:
 Though, once a Pontic pine,
 Child of a famous wood,
 High lineage thou canst boast, and bootless fame.
 The cautious sailor trusts no painted helm.
 Beware! lest thou make game
 For sportive winds to whelm.

How wearily I loved thee once ! and yet
Thy memories haunt me sadly ! Shun the seas,
That never-ceasing fret,
Round the bright Cyclades.

15. The Warning

WHEN the shepherd forsworn in his swift ship was leading
 Fair Helen, his hostess, home over the brine,
 The old prophet of ocean, with calm superseding
 The favouring breeze, sang in accents malign,
 " Woe ! woe ! for the hour, to the home of thy father
 That brings as thy bride, thou effeminate boy,
 One whom Greece to reclaim all her armies will gather ;
 And sever thy nuptials, and ruin old Troy.
 Alas ! how the footmen and horses are sweating !
 What countless deaths Dardanus' people must know !
 See ! Pallas her helmet and ægis is getting,
 Her chariot is ready, and dreadful her brow !
 In vain, in the favour of Venus confiding,
 Thou'lt comb thy long hair, and th' antiphonal strain
 Of song with the women rejoice in dividing,
 And shun the reed-arrows of Gnosus in vain ;

And the noise of the spearmen so harsh to a lover,
And Ajax pursuing, so matchless in speed ;
For at last, though too late, with foul dust thou must cover
The ringlets that deck thy adulterous head.
Dost not see ? how the wise Laertiades' anger
Bodes death to thy race ? how old Nestor is there ?
With Teucer from Salamis, heedless of danger,
And Sthenelus mighty the combat to dare ?
No coward is he when wild steeds need the breaking.
'Mid the press thou wilt recognize Merion too :
Just look how Tydides in fury is seeking
The sheen of thy helmet the ranks through and through.
But thou—as a stag, when he sees the wolf's shadow
Loom dark on the furthestmost side of the glen,
With one deep gasp of fear quits the sweets of the meadow—
Wilt, in spite of thy boasts, flee the presence of men.
And though to thy city, and each Trojan mother,
Short respite be given by Achilles' mad ire ;
When the decade of winters is past, ne'er another
Shall Ilium be saved from her enemy's fire."

16. An Apology to Tyndaris

O DAUGHTER, fairer than thy mother fair,
 Those naughty lines of mine, I pray thee, tear,
 And burn, or to the Adrian sea
 Commit ; 'tis all the same to me.
 Not Dindymene, nor the mystic guest
 Who shakes the Pythian prophet's labouring breast,
 Nor Bacchus, nor the cymbals loud
 That nerve the Corybantian crowd,
 Can with man's anger vie ; that sets at nought
 The sword of war, the sea with shipwreck fraught,
 And levin's bolt,—that even Jove
 With all his terrors fails to move.
 When first Prometheus formed his man of clay,
 From every beast he was obliged, they say,
 To take a part ; and, for our woes,
 The lion's angry temper chose.

'Twas anger brought Thyestes to the dust ;
For anger's sake once-mighty cities must
 Be razed, till foemen plough the land
 Where frowning walls were wont to stand.
Rein in thy temper. I, when I was young,
Gave too much license to a wayward tongue ;
 And bade it, ill advised, rehearse
 My bitter thoughts in burning verse.
But now I would pursue a gentler way,
And all my virulent abuse unsay ;
 If thou once more wilt friendly be,
 And so restore my life to me.

17. To Tyndaris

FROM Arcady often with nimble feet
 Kind Faunus resorts to Lucretilis' bowers
 To guard my flocks from scorching heat,
 From the withering winds, and the chilly showers.
 In safety the arbutus' lowly tops,
 And the thyme that fringes the tangled brake,
 My he-goats' wandering harem crops,
 Nor dreads for a moment the green-speckled snake :
 My young kids sport by the grey wolf's lair ;
 With the pipe's soft music the vales abound
 And low Ustica's meadows fair,
 And her water worn rocks, with the melody sound.
 'The gods are my guardians : they love my song,
 And my simple devotion. Ah ! Tyndaris dear,
 Here plenty waits thy coming long,
 With her horn brimming over with country cheer.

In the sheltering valley thou'lt 'scape the heat
Of the dog-star, and, sweeping Anacreon's string,
The tale of Circe's charms repeat
With Penelope striving for Ithaca's king.
The blood of the Lesbian grape we'll pour
In the flashing bowl 'neath the elm-tree's shade,
While Mars with Bacchus strives no more :
And jealous young Cyrus thou ceasest to dread,
Whose impudent hand of the deference due
To thy womanly weakness little recks,
But rends thy robe of snowy hue,
And snatches the garland thy tresses that decks.

18. *To Varus*

'MONGST the trees the hallowed grape-vine thou must plant the first of all
 Round the kindly slopes of Tibur, and by old Catilius' wall.
 Varus ! all life's ills and sorrows Fate doth on the sober lay ;
 Nor without the wings of liquor passeth carking care away.
 Who can rail at empty purses, or war's toils, where wine flows free ?
 Who not Father Bacchus' praises sing, or lovely Venus, thee ?
 Still the need of moderation o'er the wassail, from the bout,
 May be learned, betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithæ fought out,
 Or the wrath that on Sithonia from indignant Evius fell ;
 Lest, insatiate of pleasure, men confound the ill and well,
 Leaping o'er their narrow boundary. White-robed Bassareus, not I
 Will provoke thee past endurance, nor thy wreathèd ark will try
 To invade. Then Berecynthian trump and cymbals on the shelf
 Keep, I pray, whose maddening tumult rouses the blind love of self ;
 When Conceit her brainless forehead lifts on high with solemn air,
 And the secrets in her keeping like a mirror Trust lays bare.

19. To Glycera

'THE Mother of Desire,
 And the wild son of Theban Semele,
 With wanton Cupid's fire,
 Kindle the ashes of quenched love in me.
 For Glycera I burn,
 Who shines more pure than Paros' marble white,
 With grace in every turn,
 And face too dazzling fair for mortal sight.
 Venus with all her force
 For me has Cyprus left, nor lets me sing
 The Parthians' flying horse,
 Nor Scythia's wilds, nor any other thing.
 So hither bring live peat
 And vervain, boys, and frankincense, and wine
 Of two years old, 'tis meet
 With sacrifice to court one so divine.

20. To Mæcenas

MÆCENAS, dearest of knights, to-day
Poor Sabine wine from a homely flask
Thou must drink, that, myself, in an old Greek cask
 I corked and buried away,
On the day when the theatre cheered amain,
Till the banks of thy home-river echoed the sound;
And the playful Nymphs of the Vatican ground
 Repeated it over again.
The vintage of Cæcubum thou may'st sup,
And the grape that the presses of Cales fills,
But the wine of Falernan and Formian hills
 Never glows in my humble cup.

21. An Incantation

Ye tender maids, exalt Diana's fame !
 Beardless Apollo's might, ye youths, proclaim !
 Latona both at once to praise unite,
 Beloved of Jove through every changing mood !
 Her glories sing, ye maids, who dearly loves
 The purling streamlets, and the darkling groves
 Of Erymanthus, and the breezy height
 Of Algidus, and Cragus' verdant wood.
 By you, ye boys, with equal laud be sung
 Tempe's cool vale, and Delos' isle, where sprung
 The god of verse, whose ivory shoulder wears
 The quiver and the lyre his brother gave.
 May he the griefs of death, and plague, and war,
 To Britain, and to Persia, banish far !
 And from all harm, responsive to your prayers,
 Rome, and Rome's Cæsar, condescend to save !

22. To Aritsius Fuscus

THE man of life upright and purpose pure
 Wants not the bow and javelins of the Moor,
 Fuscus, nor needs a quiverful to bear
 Of arrows wetted in the poison-bowl ;
 Where'er his journey be, or o'er the sands
 Of foaming Syrtis, or across the lands
 Of stranger-hating Caucasus, or where
 Hydaspes' legendary waters roll.
 For late, as wandering in the Sabine wood
 Beyond my wonted bounds, in careless mood,
 I praised my Lalage in tuneful verse,
 A wolf before my unarmed presence fled !
 'Twas such a brute as woodman ne'er, I ween,
 In warlike Dannia's broad oak-glades has seen ;
 Nor even Juba's country breeds, a nurse
 Who suckles lions in her sandy bed.

Place me amidst the sluggish ice-fields, where
Never a tree enjoys the summer air,
 That side the world where clouds eternal rove,
 And nought save angry weather Jove affords ;
Place me where Phœbus' car is all too near,
Where man has never dared his tent to rear ;
 Yet never, never, will I cease to love
 My Lalage's sweet smile and sweeter words.

23. To Chloe

LIKE a fawn that seeks the hind,
Dreading in the pathless forest
Every bush, and every wind,
Chloe ! thou my sight abhorrest.
She, if 'mongst the swaying trees
Early Spring's first zephyrs ramble,
Shakes all over, heart and knees ;
Or if lizards stir the bramble.
Yet, thy tender bones to break
I no tiger am, or lion ;
'Tis full time ; a husband take ;
Cease thy mother to rely on.

24. To Virgil

No shame shall check my uttering to the lyre
My grief for one so dear. Teach me to raise
The dirge, Melpomene, to whom thy sire
Gave the soft notes that suit with sorrow's lays !
And so Quinctilius sleeps the last long sleep !
Virtue and Justice, with their sisters twain,
Pure Faith and Truth unshamed, above him weep.
When shall they look upon his like again ?
'Midst floods of good men's tears his sun has set.
Than thou, my Virgil, none can mourn him more.
But prayers are useless : to thy fond regret,
What they have ta'en, the gods will not restore.
Even should'st thou sweep the chords with sweeter skill
Than Thracian Orpheus, whom the groves obeyed,
Thy friend's pale form the blood would ne'er refill,
Since once, with awful wand, his trembling shade

Jove's messenger to that dark fold has driven,

Whence no entreaties egress can procure :

'Tis hard ; but low before the will of heaven

To bow, makes lighter ills we cannot cure.

'Tis seldom your shutters now shake with the rap
 Of disconsolate gallants' importunate tap ;
 In peace you can finish your evening nap,
 And your stiff door loves to keep
 Its threshold, that once was so ready to move
 On its hinges, and rarer the tender words prove,
 " Whilst I through the long night am dying, my love,
 My Lydia ! canst thou sleep ?"
 'Twill be your turn to weep at your lovers' rough tone,
 When they leave you to pace the blind alley alone,
 While fierce as the storms that, when moonlight is gone,
 From Thracian mountains blow,
 The throb of wild passion and lust shall be found,
 Such as drives the brutes mad, through your pulses to bound,
 And shall riot your rotten old liver around ;
 And you wail in the depth of woe,

That the youngsters prefer their gay tresses to bind
With green sprigs of myrtle and ivy entwined,
And the withered brown leaves to the chilly east wind,
That comes with the winter, throw.

26. To Aelius Lamia

THE Muse is my friend; so all tearful care
 I'll give to the wanton winds to bear,
 And to drown in the waves of the Cretan sea :
 What scares Tiridates is nothing to me ;
 Who lords it alone o'er the Arctic snow
 I care not. Pimplea, who lovest the flow
 Of nature's own fountains, a chaplet prepare
 Of the sunniest flowers for my Lamia's hair.
 Unaided by thee all my honours are vain :
 I beseech thee, kind nymph, and thy sisters twain,
 On one who so fully deserves them bestow
 Sweet melodies fresh from the Lesbian bow.

27. At a Banquet

MIRTH and good fellowship is the design
 Of goblets ; only barbarous Thracian folk
 Fight with their cups : be quiet ! nor provoke
With bloody brawls the modest god of wine.
How wide the discord 'twixt the Median sword
 And mellow lamplight, that illumes the joys
 Of brimming bowls ! hush friends this horrid noise,
And sit ye down at peace around the board.
I in your potent draughts will bear my part,
 While Locrian Megilla's brother tells
 With what sweet wound his happy bosom swells,
And whose the eyes that sped the fatal dart.
He hesitates ? Then I refuse to drink.
 Nay ! whosoever be the lucky fair,
 You need not blush to own the chains you wear,
From any low intrigue I know you'd shrink :

Out with your secret ! Come ! just whisper low !
My ears will keep it safe. Oh ! wretched boy !
Worthy a better love ! are you her toy ?
In what a whirlpool are you struggling now !
Lives there a sorceress, a wizard, who
With Thessaly's herb-drugs can set you free ?
Can any god redeem ? From such a she
Scarce Pegasus himself could rescue you.

28. Archytas

THOU measur'dst the land, and the countless sand, and the sea ;
 Yet the gift of a handful of earth
 On the shingly shore of Matinus is wanting to thee.
 Archytas ! say, was it worth
 Thy while to have traversed in thought all the paths of the air
 To the uttermost pole, and to die ?
 Why Tantalus ate with the gods, and is dead : and there
 Tithonus is even as I :
 And Minos, who knew Jove's secrets. Euphorbus once more
 To the shadowy land is gone :
 Though his shield bore witness of Trojan days, and he swore
 That nothing but skin and bone
 He had yielded to ravenous death. Yet I know you call
 Pythagoras no mean judge
 Of Nature and Truth. The same night waits for us all ;
 Death's path we must all of us trudge.

By the Furies some, for the pleasure of Mars, are slain :
 The sailors go down in the sea :
 And old men and young must perish together : the reign
 Of Proserpine none can flee.
 The south wind, that comes with Orion's westering star,
 Whelmed me in Illyria's wave.
 Then grudge not a handful of shifting sand, kind tar,
 To a corpse that has never a grave !
 Do this, and, albeit in wrath o'er the western sea
 The east wind bluster and blow,
 Its fury shall fall on Venusia's woods, not thee ;
 And rivers of gold shall flow
 From bountiful Jove, and Neptune who beareth sway
 Over holy Tarentum. Refuse
 My prayer—the neglect thy innocent children shall pay ;
 Perchance its terrible dues
 Shall be paid by thyself. I will not put up with the wrong ;
 No blood such a sin shall atone.
 Be thou never so hurried, just sprinkle, it won't take long,
 The dust on me thrice, and begone.

29. To Iccius

Iccius, you envy Araby the blest
 Her wealth, and plan a merciless campaign,
 To humble Saba's haughty crest,
 And weave the links of conquest's chain
 For the rude Mede. Must some barbaric fair,
 Her lover slaughtered, stoop to be your slave?
 Some noble boy with essenced hair
 To fill your goblet must you have,
 Who Chinese arrows to his father's bow
 Fits deftly now? Henceforth let none deny
 That rivers up the hills can flow,
 Or Tiber at his mouth run dry,
 Since you Panætius' works, and all the range
 Of rare Socratic lore, you used to buy,
 For Spanish coats of mail can change,
 Who promised nobler paths to try.

30. To Venus

LEAVE Cyprus awhile that thou lovest, and come,
Sweet Venus, of Gnidos and Paphos the queen,
Where the smoke of rich incense inviting is seen,
To Glycera's beautiful home.

Bring thy warm-hearted boy, and the jovial crew
Of the Muses and Graces with white bosoms bare,
Bid the goddess of youth, whom thy presence makes fair,
And Mercury come with thee too.

31. To Apollo

WHAT gift, at his fresh dedicated shrine,
 Shall the poet beg at Apollo's hand,
 As he pours from his saucer the new made wine ?
 The crops of Sardinia's fruitful land ?
 The herds hot Calabria loves to raise ?
 Far India's gold and her ivory ?
 Ah ! no ! nor the meadows, where Liris strays
 A silent stream through the silent lea.
 Let the lord of the vineyard ingather again
 The bunches luxuriant Cales bears :
 Let the prosperous trader from gold cups drain
 The wine he has bought with his Syrian wares ;
 He is dear to the gods ; many times he'll dare
 In a year with Atlantic waves to fight,
 And be safe. Be the olives my simple fare,
 With crisp curled endive, and mallow light.

The strength to enjoy what I have to me
Grant, Son of Latona, with health of brain ;
Content and calm let my old age be,
Nor lacking the sound of the cittern's strain.

32. To my Lyre

My lyre, we are wanted. If ever with thee
 I have lazily toyed 'neath the shadowing tree,
 In sonnets that yet a few years shall survive,
 Some song in our Latin, I pray thee, contrive.
 'Twas the poet of Lesbos first handled thy string,
 In war so undaunted, so ready to sing,—
 Whene'er his frail barque 'neath the sheltering lee
 Of the shore he had moored from the ire of the sea,—
 The Muses, and Bacchus, and Venus's pride,
 And the fair boy so loth to be sent from her side,
 And the beauty of Lycus's dark rolling eye,
 And the hue of his curls that with ebony vie.
 So, prythee, my shell, that art Phœbus' delight,
 And the feasts of Olympus dost render more bright,
 Sweet soother of labour and sorrow, afford
 Thy help at the solemn appeal of thy lord.

33. To Albius Tibullus

TIBULLUS, restrain thy immoderate grieving
 For Glycera's cruelty ; utter no more
 Thy sad elegiacs, that one so deceiving
 For a younger adorer on thee shuts her door.
 Fair low-browed Lycoris for Cyrus is burning,
 While Cyrus is doting on Pholoe stern ;
 But sooner shall Daunian roes feel a yearning
 To mate with wild wolves, than strict Pholoe turn
 On a rake so unhandsome one glance of relenting.
 It is Venus's doing, who takes savage mirth
 Incongruous bodies and minds in cementing
 In wedlock's brass bonds while they dwell upon earth.
 When a better bride might have been had for the taking,
 I was bound by the chain of the child of a slave ;
 Though her tongue is more rough than the winds, that are breaking
 On Calabria's shingles black Adria's wave.

34. A Confession

Not oft nor long upon the gods I wait,
In folly's learning a full graduate :
But now my ship I am compelled to tack,
And take, perforce, at last the backward track.
For the great king of day, who used aloud
To speak in thunder from the riven cloud,
Has now his wind-winged steeds and chariot driven
In full noonday across the fleckless heaven.
The dull earth quaked; the rivers heard and fell ;
And every innermost abyss of hell,
And all the world to Afric's burning sand,
Trembled beneath its mighty sovereign's hand.
He from the highest to the lowest state
Can change ; can raise the poor, abase the great ;
Can snatch his crown from off the despot's head,
And put whoe'er it please him in his stead.

35. *To Fortune*

GREAT goddess ! who bearest o'er Antium sway,
 From the deepest abysses of woe who canst bring
 To happiness, or change away
 For funeral wailings the pomp of a king,
 To thee the poor farmers eternally cry
 With earnest devotion ; to thee ever kneel,
 Mistress of ocean, all who try
 The Carpathian Sea in Bithynian keel.
 The hot-blooded Dacian, and Scythia's hordes,
 And cities, and peoples, and Latium bold,
 And mothers of barbaric lords,
 And tyrants who glitter in purple and gold,
 Are afraid, lest thy petulant foot should upset
 Our one pillar left, and the tongue of the mob
 Should civil strife again beget,
 And Rome of her hard-won dominion should rob.

Wherever thou goest in all the land
 Remorseless Necessity goeth ahead,
 With nails and hammer in her hand,
 And the pitiless hook, and the molten lead.
 Thee Hope and Honesty, now so rare,
 White-veiled accompany, nor thy path
 Forsake, when thou with mourner's air
 From the homes of the mighty departest in wrath.
 But the fickle crowd, like a venal love,
 The yoke of trouble evade, and fly;
 Like heartless friends, who faithless prove
 When the wine-barrel down to the dregs is dry.
 Now that Cæsar to Britain is ready to wend,
 The far end of the earth, with his new-levied host,
 Them and their general defend,
 The dread of the East and the Red Sea's coast.
 Woe ! woe ! for our brothers' blood, wickedly spilt,
 And our scars unhealed ! Not a crime undared
 Is left, no blackest depth of guilt
 Unfathomed. What god has an altar spared
 For fear or favour ? Oh ! would once more
 On an anvil new thou would'st forge again
 Our blunted swords, that foreign gore
 Of the Arab or Scythian foe they may drain.

36. On Numida's Coming Home

WITH music and perfumes
And a slain calf we'll please the gods who keep
Our Numida, who comes
Safe from far Spain across the briny deep,
And many a comrade meets
With glad embrace, but none with greater joy
Than kindly Lamia greets,
Captain of school when he was still a boy,
His friend from child to man.
So mark the day with chalk before it dies,
And bring the biggest can
Of wine, we'll dance the night out Salian-wise.
Even Damalis shall own
That Bassus in the wassail gains the day ;
Our feast the rose shall crown,
And parsley bright, and short-lived lilies gay,

Till all begin to bend
Unsteady eyes on Damalis, while she
Will clasp her new found friend,
Closer than ivy clasps the sturdy tree.

37. To my Fellows

COME, tread we the dance on the emerald sward,
Let us fill up our cups with good wine ;
And with Salian dainties we'll cover the board
Where the gods shall in honour recline.
We dared not our grandfathers' Cæcuban drain
Before, when our city and realm
In utter destruction, with fury insane,
Cleopatra was striving to whelm.
With her base coward crew of emasculate men,
She gave her ambition loose rein,
And was drunk with the sweets of good fortune, but when
She saw scarce one galley remain,
When all her proud ships in the red flames were burned,
The frenzy of Marea's wine
Was changed into terror unfeigned, and she turned
From Italy's shore o'er the brine.

Like a hawk after doves, or the swift footed wight
Who on Thessaly's snow covered plains
Gives chase to the hare, Cæsar followed her flight,
To bind the foul siren in chains.
But with nobler emotion, for better fate meet,
Like a man she chose rather to pay
For her failure with life, and refused with her fleet
To take refuge in lands far away :
The halls of her childhood she shrank not to see
The prey of a foreigner's grasp,
Nor quailed, that her life blood envenomed might be,
To fondle the poisonous asp
Her pride was too fierce for the slow step of Fate ;
And she scorned, for a little more space
Of existence, to glut the Liburnian's hate, :
And her conqueror's triumph to grace.

38. To my Slave

Ho! sirrah, I hate all those Persian perfumes,
I am weary of garlands with lime-bark bound,
Cease searching, I pray thee, the garden round,
 When the last rose of summer blooms.
With the bough of the myrtle no other entwine
In thy zeal ; by itself 'tis a wreath full rare
For thee to offer, and me to wear
 As I drink 'neath the arching vine.

ODES

BOOK II

1. To Asinius Pollio

THE civil war that from Metellus' times
Arose, its origin, and course, and crimes ;
The freaks of Fate, the chieftains' bitter feud,
Veiled 'neath pretended friendship, and the blood
That stained our arms, and still for vengeance cries,
Thou treatest,—a most risky enterprise,—
And tread'st the crust of a volcano's head,
By its own treacherous ashes overspread.
A little while the theatres must spare
Thy tragic Muse, until with needful care
This mighty task is ended, then again
In Attic buskin thou shalt wake her strain.
A trusty counsel thou to save from doom,
And great thy wisdom in the senate-room ;
Thy triumph, Pollio, in Dalmatia shed
War's never-dying laurels on thy head.

Even as I read, the trumpet's threatening blare
 And the shrill clarions echo on my ear :
 The serried spearmen's glittering array
 Fills knight and steed with fugitive dismay.
 The generals' ringing orders I can hear ;
 Can see the honourable dust they wear :
 Till the whole conquered earth in awe is still ;
 Save Cato's stern indomitable will.
 Juno, and all the gods, who Carthage loved,
 But left her shores when vain their efforts proved,
 Have now, in honour of Jugurtha's ghost,
 Slaughtered the grandsons of his conqueror's host.
 Is there a plain, that doth not witness bear,
 In rank green grass, to Romans buried there
 In impious combat slain, when Medes from far
 Heard the wild havoc of Hesperian war ?
 Is there a stream, a river, but can tell
 Our wretched tale ? What ocean's tidal swell
 Has not Italian gore dyed crimson-red ?
 Where is the land where Rome no blood has shed ?
 But stay, rash Muse, quit not thy wonted smile
 For dirges that belong to Cea's isle ;
 Come, seek with me Dione's cave, and there
 Attune thy strings to some more joyous air.

2. To Sallustius Crispus

THE treasure of the hidden mine,
My Sallust, is no friend of thine,
Unless with proper use it shine.

Good Proculeius' name,
Who to his brethren twain did give
A father's care, shall ever live ;
And history's tireless tongue shall strive
To celebrate his fame.

He's more a king, who can control
The greedy longings of his soul,
Than if wild tribes, from pole to pole,
Bowed to his sovereign sway.

Dropsies indulged are aye the worst :
The puffing pale and raging thirst
Increase ; till from the system first
The cause be driven away.

Phraates reigns on Cyrus' throne :
The crowd applauds : with angry tone
His bliss true Virtue will not own ;
 To teach men not to use
False names. A realm, and crown secure
She grants, and bays that will endure,
To him, and him alone who, poor,
 Wealth without envy views.

3. To Quintus Dellius

THY heart content and calm when lite seems hard
 Preserve ; nor less, if Fortune's highest card

Thou hold, unseemly mirth deny

Thyself ; for, Dellius, thou must die.

Whether in sadness all thy years thou pass ;

Or on fête-days far hence amid the grass

Thou lie, and sip at day's decline

Thy choicest old Falernian wine,

Where overhead tall pine and poplar white

For shade their hospitable boughs unite,

And in its zigzag course below

The babbling brooklet tries to flow.

There bid thy wines and unguents rich be laid,

With sweet rose-garlands that too soon must fade,

Whilst time and circumstance are fit,

And the weird Sisters' skeins permit.

Thou soon shalt leave thy home, thy new-bought wood,
Thy country-place by Tibur's yellow flood,
And all thy wealth has built resign
To thy expectant heir of line.
Whether thou'rt rich, and lineage dost claim
From ancient Inachus, or bear'st a name
To want well known, no difference makes :
Orcus on nothing pity takes.
All go the same road : from his box for all,
Sooner or later, will the ballot fall :
All must in Charon's boat be sent
To everlasting banishment.

4. To Xanthias Phoeus

- FOR your love of your handmaiden feel no shame,
 My Phoeus. Briseis, of snow-white fame,
 Was a slave long ago, yet she lit love's flame
 In Achilles, her haughty lord.
 Tecmessa's beauty proud Ajax won,
 Though she was a captive, he Telamon's son :
 Agamemnon his triumph had nigh foregone
 For a damsel, the prize of his sword ;
 When the foreign battalions went down before
 The might of the hero from Thessaly's shore ;
 And the tired Greeks found that, with Hector no more,
 Troy fell a far easier prey.
 Are you sure that no parents of name well known
 Your Phyllis's spouse will for son-in-law own ?
 It may be, she mourns for a long-vanished throne,
 And the gods of a home far away.

Believe me, it certainly never could be,
That a girl so unselfish, so faithful, as she
Whom you love, should be sprung of unworthy degree,

Or the child of a mother debased.

I can praise with good conscience her arms, her face,
And the turn of her ankle for smooth round grace :
You could never be jealous of me, for my race
To close its eighth lustre doth haste.

5. *To a Friend*

YOUR heifer's pretty neck is not yet broke
 To stand the pressure of a husband's yoke ;
 She's too young yet to bear the weight
 And duties of the marriage-state.
 Round the green meadows with the steers to stray
 She loves, or in moist osier-beds to play,
 Or her sun-heated flanks to lave
 In some cool brook's refreshing wave.
 Let not blind passion make you over bold :
 Your grasp from yonder unripe grapes withhold,
 That Autumn soon with purple hue
 Of varied tint will paint for you.
 The wings of Time beat fast, and every year
 He takes away from you, he adds to her :
 With flashing eye and flushing cheek
 Soon Lalage your love will seek.

Not Chloris then with her developed charms
Will vie, nor Pholoe, who flies your arms,
 Her shoulders beautiful and bright
 As moonbeams on the sea at night.
Not Gyges' self will then with her compare ;
Though, 'midst a troop of girls, his flowing hair
 And fair smooth face might well perplex
 A stranger to discern his sex.

6. To Septimius

SEPTIMIUS, you promised to visit with me
Cadiz, and the homes of the Biscayans free,
And the quicksands, where Afric's tempestuous sea

Seethes over the scarce-hidden bar.

But I, for my old age should greatly prefer
From the old Argive colony never to stir
Of Tibur : there let me escape from the whirr

Of land and sea-travel and war.

And if that retreat the hard Fates should deny,
Galesus' fair banks, where the sheep love to lie
With their delicate coats, and the country I'll try,

Where Spartan Phalantus was king.

That nook of the world smiles more sweetly to me
Than any I know : there the store of the bee
With Hymettus can match, and the grey olive tree
With Venafrum can enter the ring.

There the winter is mild, and the spring tarries long,
And the vines sunny Aulon's rich uplands among
With the growth of Falerii, famous in song,

Need ne'er be ashamed to contend.

Those hills so enchanting, Septimius dear,
Are awaiting our coming : there you the last tear
Of a lifelong affection shall drop on the bier
Of Horace the poet, your friend.

7. To Pompeius Varus

O THOU ! who many a time hast dared with me
 In Brutus' legions all the risks of war,
 True Roman ! who has brought thee from afar
 Home to thy father's gods and Italy,
 Varus, of all my friends who art most dear?
 Oft o'er the wine-cup have I stolen away
 With thee a few hours from the lagging day,
 While cassia-garlands bound our glistening hair.
 With thee from sad Philippi's rout I fled,
 And panic-stricken threw away my shield,
 When courage broke, and on the shameful field
 The men who threatened mighty things lay dead.
 Me while I trembled, through the thickened air,
 From hostile sword swift Hermes stooped to save :
 Thee once again the combat's ebbing wave
 Back to the eddying sea of battle bare.

Keep then with me the bounden feast to Jove,
And in the shadow of my spreading bay
Thy limbs, with long campaigning weary, lay ;
Nor spare the cask reserved for him I love.
Fill high the bowl with Massic wine, and drown
Sad memories in oblivion ; from the shell
Pour out the unguents that so sweetly smell.
Who shall make haste to twine the festive crown
Of parsley, or bright myrtle ? Who shall be
The choice of Venus for toast-master ? I
With Edon's maddest Bacchanals will vie :
To revel with a friend is sweet to me.

8. To Barine

If ever, Barine, from injured Truth
 You suffered at all, if a blackened tooth
 Your beauty should mar, or a nail uncouth
 Would vouch for Jupiter's frown,
 I'd believe : but with pledges you bind your hair,
 That you purpose to break ; yet you grow more fair,
 And you take your airing, the general care
 Of all the young men in the town.
 You thrive on insulting your mother's tomb,
 And the silent stars, and the midnight's gloom,
 And heaven, and the gods themselves, to whom
 Death's chilly hand is unknown.
 I am certain that Venus herself must smile
 At your sins, and the Nymphs who know no guile,
 And merciless Cupid, who whets the while
 His darts on his blood-stained stone.

For you all the children are growing : each year
With a brand-new bevy of slaves you appear,
Yet the old ones, tho' often to quit you they swear,
 Throng your impious threshold again.
Not a mother in Rome but dreads you for her son,
Nor a stingy old father : each bride newly won
Lives in agony ever, lest you, wicked one,
 Her lord from his home should detain.

9. To Titus Valgius

'Tis not for ever that the torrents fall
 On the rank fields ; nor 'neath the angry squall
 Do Caspian waves for ever roar :
 Nor on Armenia's frozen shore
 Stands the hard ice throughout the year ; old friend.
 Nor aye before the Northern storm-winds bend
 The oaks that crown Garganus' head.
 Sometimes the lindens cease to shed
 Their leaves ; but never, Valgius, thou the tears
 Of grief for thy lost Mystes, when appears
 Bright Vesper in the gloaming gray,
 Or flying from the dawn of day.
 Not thus the prince of ninety summers mourned,
 From year to year, Antilochus inurned ;
 Not thus his sire and sisters wept
 When Troilus untimely slept.

Give up at last unmanly murmuring,
And Cæsar's newest triumphs let us sing ;
 Snow-capped Niphates' humbled pride,
 And Median Tigris' rolling tide,
That, conscious of a stranger's mastery,
In lesser eddies hurries to the sea ;
 And Scythia's hordes, that now must deign
 To ride in a restricted plain.

10. To Licinius Varro

'TWERE better living not to steer
 Thy barque aye seaward, nor in fear
 Of storm, Licinius, sail too near
 The perils of the land.
 The man who loves the golden mean
 Lives safe. With him is never seen
 Foul avarice ; nor wastes gay sheen,
 With Envy by the hand.
 Rude winds rock most the cedars tall,
 The highest house has heaviest fall,
 The hill that towers above them all
 The red-tongued lightning rends.
 In sorrow hope, in fortune fear,
 Possess the heart for change of cheer
 Aye well prepared ; the winter drear
 The same Jove brings, and sends

Away. If now thy lot be ill,
'Twill change anon : Apollo will
Soon wake his cittern so long still,
Nor always bend his bow.
When means are scant, a dauntless mind
And bold be thine. If Fate be kind,
Haul in thy canvas, lest the wind
Too favourable blow.

II. To Quinctius Hirpinus

WHAT warlike Biscayans and Scythians plan,
 Hirpinus, worry not thy brain to scan ;
 Salt water rolls 'twixt them and us,
 Then wherefore all this weary fuss ?
 Man's life requires but little. Youth, alas !
 And youth's smooth comeliness too quickly pass :
 And age and its grey hairs remove
 The sweets of sleep and joys of love.
 Spring's beauteous flowerets will not always seem
 So fair, nor aye the same the moon's soft beam.
 Then why with thought thy spirit wear
 Unequal to incessant care ?
 Nay, while we can, at ease beneath the shade
 Of some tall plane-tree let our limbs be laid,
 Or this dark pine, while roses rare
 And Syrian unguents scent our hair.

There let us quaff, till Evius drives away

Gnawing anxiety, while pages gay

Shall haste our ardent wine to cool

With water from yon limpid pool.

Let some one with her ivory cittern here

Bid Lyde haste, the wandering tymbestere,

With locks that know not plaits nor curls,

Plain-knotted like a Spartan girl's.

12. *To Mæcenas*

THE tale of heroic Numantia's slaughter,
 And Hannibal's wrath, when on Sicily's sea
 The best blood of Carthage empurpled the water,
 Befit not my peaceable cittern, and me.
 I care not to sing of the wine-maddened anger
 Of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, nor the wild brood
 Of Earth's giant children, who brought into danger,
 Till Hercules' might their rebellion subdued,
 The bright home of Saturn. Each glorious battle
 Of Cæsar suits better your statelier prose.
 You shall tell how behind his proud chariot rattle
 The fetters, that bend the proud necks of his foes.
 My Muse never wearies the praise of repeating
 Of your lady Licimnia's silvery voice,
 And the glance of her eye, and her bosom that's beating
 With the trusty affection of mutual choice.

How graceful her step as she leads the glad chorus!

How playful her wit in the gay repartee !

When the maids on the feast-day of Dian before us

Perform, who has white arms as shapely as she ?

Say, friend, for the wealth of Achæmenes' coffers,

For the nuggets that Thrace and that Phrygia bear,

For the fabulous riches that Araby offers,

Would you barter the gold of Licimnia's hair?

As she turns to your kisses her ivory shoulder,

Or coyly refuses the boon that you seek,

And mocks at your prayers, as a hint to be bolder,

Then gives on a sudden the bloom of her cheek.

13. To a Tree

CURSED was the day, and doubly cursed the hand,
That planted thee, and reared thee in the land,
 With death to overwhelm his race,
 And all the country-side disgrace.
I dare be sworn, he was so vile a knave,
He hurried his own father to the grave ;
 And stained his chambers with the blood
 Of sleeping guests, and cooked his food
With Colchian poisons : nothing can have been
Too black a crime for him, who on my green
 First set thy stem, thou wretched tree,
 To fall on unoffending me.
What each of us should shun from day to day
Man never knows. The Bosphorus white with spray
 Phoenicia's sailors dread, but fear
 No other peril anywhere.

Our soldiers fear the Parthian's treacherous flight, .
 And backward arrows : they Rome's growing might
 And chains : but Death's unlooked-for way
 Has nations slain, and still will slay.

The realms of dusky Proserpine I saw
 Almost ; and Æacus dispensing law :
 The separate dwellings of the good,
 And Sappho in indignant mood
 Striking the lyre her island's maids to scold ;
 And thee, Alcæus, with thy quill of gold,
 Solemnly chanting war's alarms,
 The risks of sea, and exile's harms.

In sacred silence to the mournful strings
 The shades attend ; but when of banished kings,
 And fight he sings, crowds gather near
 To drink his words with greedy ear.

The hundred-headed monster awe-struck hears
 And wags his tail, and lowers his shaggy ears ;
 The snakes that wreath the Furies hair
 Sway to and fro with charmèd air.

Even Tantalus and sage Prometheus find
 The sweet notes make their suffering less unkind ;
 And for a little space Orion
 F'gets to hunt the lynx and lion.

14. To Postumus

AH ! Postumus, how swiftly glide away
 The fleeting years, and goodness no delay
 Of wrinkles and old age can bring,
 Nor stay the beat of Death's strong wing.
 Not though thy hand to Pluto day by day
 Should thrice a hundred oxen duly slay,
 Could'st move his stony heart, that ne'er
 Hath melted at a suppliant's prayer.
 Tityos and triple Geryon he keeps
 Within the circle of those woeful deeps,
 That all must cross, who walk the earth,
 Be royal, or unknown their birth.
 In vain we shun war's blood-besprinkled plain ;
 And boisterous Adria's roaring flood in vain :
 In vain the treacherous softness fly
 Of south winds 'neath rich autumn's sky.

We all must see Cocytus' dull black flood
Of sluggish ooze, and Danaus' evil brood,
And Sisyphus, who all alone
Toils ever at the stubborn stone.
Lands, home, and tender wife thou must resign :
Not one of all these favourite trees of thine
Shall, save the cypress' gloomy spray,
Follow their short-lived master's clay.
Thy worthier heir shall drain the precious jars
That thou hast kept with countless bolts and bars,
And with such wine the pavement stain
As pontiffs long to quaff in vain.

15. A Tament ober Luxury

FEW acres to the plough remain
 From kingly piles ; on every side
 Fish-ponds, than Lucrine's lake more wide,
 Are spreading ; and the barren plane
 Thrusts out the elms : a countless store
 Of myrtle trees and violet beds
 For dainty nostrils fragrance sheds,
 Where fruitful olives stood of yore.
 With matted boughs hot summers' rays
 The laurel fends : not Romulus,
 Nor bearded Cato willed it thus :
 Not such the rule of olden days.
 Then little on themselves they spent,
 But much on Rome : no colonnade
 Of stately breadth dim Arctus' shade
 To private homes in summer lent.

Then Law forbade to look with scorn
On homes of turf; then quarried stone
Was kept for public works alone,
And the gods' temples to adorn.

16. To Pompeius Grosphus

'Tis calm that the mariner craves aloud
 In the broad Ægean, when drifts of cloud
 Have enwrapped the moon in a funeral shroud,
 And the stars no longer shine.
 'Tis calm that the Thracian, in battle so bold,
 And the Median craves, with his quiver of gold ;
 Calm, that no treasure of wealth untold,
 Nor jewels, nor raiment fine,
 Can purchase. No gems, be they never so gay,
 No Consular lictors, can drive away
 The worries and cares on the heart that prey,
 That flutter round frescoed halls.
 Though his purse be lean, he has much delight
 On whose modest table the spoons are bright
 That his father left him ; his slumbers light
 No terror or greed appals.

With our little time and strength is it wise
 To aim at so much? We may change our skies :
 Can the man, who his clime and his country flies,
 Himself too leave behind?

On the ironclad's deck stalks carking care ;
 In the crash of the cavalry charge she is near ;
 She is fleetest of foot than the flight of deer,
 Or the rain-fraught south-east wind.

If to-day we are happy, why should we scan
 The future for trouble? The wiser plan
 Is to smile at the bitterest cup. No man
 Is in every aspect blest.

Achilles was slain while his fame was high :
 Tithonus, lingering, longed to die.
 Perchance, what to you the Hours deny,
 May be granted to my behest.

Your flocks and herds by the hundred graze
 Fair Sicily's meadows ; your pair of bays
 Neigh loud in their harness ; in awe men gaze
 At the sheen of your Tyrian gown.

I have a few small fields for use,
 And the gentle fire of the Grecian Muse.
 Fate lets me laugh at the world's abuse,
 And scorn the talk of the town.

17. *To Mæcenas*

WHY wilt thou worry me with that stale cry
 Foreboding ill? Neither the gods nor I
 Can suffer thee to die, dear friend!
 On whom my joys and hopes depend.
 If one half of my soul some Fate unkind
 Should seize, how could the other stay behind?
 No longer worthy love, a soul
 No more one smooth harmonious whole.
 The last long journey both at once we'll take:
 The solemn oath I swore, I will not break:
 Whene'er thou goest, I will go;
 Hand locked in hand we'll face the foe.
 Not the Chimæra's levin-laden breath,
 Not hundred-handed Gyas raised from death,
 From thee could sever me, for these
 Are Themis' and the Fates' decrees.

I know not whether Libra's kindly power,
 Or Scorpio's hate beheld my natal hour,
 Or Capricorn, who baleful laves
 His lurid light in western waves.
 But in most wondrous sort our stars agree.
 From Saturn's dark design but lately thee
 The succour of the god of light
 Preserved, and stayed the hurried flight
 Of Death ; when all the theatre's glad crowd
 Thy coming hailed, and " Vivat " cried aloud
 Thrice over. I had surely died,
 Had not the tree been turned aside
 By Faunus, who holds all us scribblers dear.
 Wherefore do thou for thanks a temple rear,
 And hecatombs of oxen slay :
 A lamb my humbler debt shall pay.

18. To a Miser

No roof with gold or ivory wrought
 In my bright home is seen,
 No beams from far Hymettus brought
 On marble columns lean
 In Afric cut : no doubtful heir
 Attalus' crown I take to wear :
 For me no well-born clients pull
 The skeins of Sparta's purple wool.
 Truth and a vein of kindly wit
 Are mine ; my cottage door
 Rich neighbours seek, well pleased with it,
 I ask the gods no more :
 No noble friend for place I tease,
 Contented with my Sabine ease,
 Where day by day goes swiftly by
 And new moons wax, and wane, and die,

You, with your best foot in the grave,
 New marble-contracts make,
 Thoughtless of death, from Baiæ's wave
 The shore itself you take
 To build on, where the sea breaks rough ;
 As if the land were not enough ;
 Nay, as in mock of heaven and Jove,
 Your clients' land-marks you remove.

Husband and wife, to sate your greed,
 Are driven from home and land ;
 Bearing their gods they go, and lead
 Their children by the hand.
 Why stretch your bounds ? No bounds in faith
 Are half as sure as those of Death.
 The richest lord of slaves must come
 At last to Orcus' dismal home.

The same just Earth receives the poor,
 And men of royal tribe.
 Death's ferryman Prometheus' store
 Of craft nor gold could bribe
 To row him back. He keeps in place
 Proud Tantalus and all his race ;
 The labourer, when his work is done,
 Called, or not called, he waits upon.

19. To Bacchus

FAR away on the hills jolly Bacchus I saw
 One day teaching music, (believe me who hear,)
 The Nymphs stood by, and learned in awe,
 And the goat-footed satyrs with pricked-up ear.
 Evoe ! I cannot get over my fear !
 My heart beats high still full of thee now !
 Oh ! spare me ! Father Liber, spare !
 Thou terrible god of the ivy-wreathed bough !
 I'll praise thy Bacchanals' wayward train,
 Their rivers of wine and of milk so free,
 And celebrate in fitting strain
 The honey that wells from the time-hollowed tree.
 I'll praise the charms of the peerless maid
 Whose crown new lustre to heaven doth lend :
 And Pentheus' house in ruin laid,
 And Thracian Lycurgus's horrible end.

Thou rivers and seas of the east obey ;
In the desolate mountains, with jovial air,
 With snakes that coil in harmless play
Thou bind'st the wild locks of the Bistons' hair.
When the Giants' iniquitous band essayed
The realm of thy father on high to attack,
 To earth thy unexpected aid,
In the guise of a lion, hurled Rhoetus back.
They knew thee to dancing and revel inclined
And fun ; of thy fitness they thought but light
 For war's stern work ; but grieved to find
That the first in the frolic was first in the fight.
Grim Cerberus saw thee, nor uttered a cry,
With the gold horn shining thy curls among,
 But wagged his tail as thou wentest by,
And beslavered thy feet with his triple tongue.

20. To Mæcnas

No common flight, no weakly wing
 Me, bird and bard at once, shall bear
 Through the clear realms of liquid air.
 This earth, too great for envy's sting,
 And towns, I quit. Mæcnas dear,
 Deem not, though humbly born, that I
 Like ordinary folk will die,
 And see the Stygian waters drear.
 Rough skin already clothes my thighs,
 And all above light feathery down
 From shoulder e'en to finger grown
 Makes me a snow-white swan in guise.
 Swifter than Icarus my flight
 Shall reach the moaning Bosphorus' shore,
 And Afric's quicksands, and explore
 The frozen plains of endless night.

Spain with her lore my song shall own,
And Colchis, and the tribes that fear,
But seem to flout, the Marsians' spear,
And all who quaff the stream of Rhone.
Then bid no mournful funeral wail
My empty obsequies attend :
Thy grief restrain ; nor to thy friend
Pay honours that can nought avail.

O D E S

BOOK III

1. Against Covetousness

THE mob of the commons I hate and abhor :
 Keep silence, I beg : a song, never before
 By youths and maidens heard, to-day,
 The high-priest of the Muses, I'll sing to you.
 Great kings, who have vassals and serfs of their own,
 Themselves are the subjects of Jupiter's throne ;
 All things his sovereign brow obey,
 For the giants he mightily overthrew.
 Some can better than others in broad rows lay
 Their vines to the poles ; on election day
 One candidate boasts noble blood,
 One, character higher and world-wide fame ;
 Another has many more clients ; but Fate
 Will shake out her tickets for small and great,
 Judge-like, in unimpassioned mood ;
 For her lottery-wheel holds every name.

When the drawn sword hangs by a single hair
 O'er the criminal's head, not the daintiest fare
 Can hearty appetite provide,
 Nor the nightingale's notes, nor the cittern's sound,
 Bring sleep to his eyelids ; sleep gladly comes
 To the weary farm-labourers' humble homes,
 Nestling by shady river side ;
 Or to Tempe when softest of Zephyrs abound.
 Whoever no more than enough would have,
 Spends never a thought on the sea's rough wave,
 Nor fears though lurid be the hue
 Of the rising Goat, or the westering Bear ;
 Though vines be hail-smitten, and farm complain,
 When its promise all fails, of the ceaseless rain ;
 Though drought the cropless corn-fields rue,
 And the dog-days of summer, or frosts unfair.
 The fish in the sea have less play-room, I know,
 Where the crowds of contractors and workmen bestow,
 The stones, they mean to rear on high,
 For the great man who wearies of living ashore.
 Let them be ! for Alarm and her sister Wrath
 Climb ever sure-footed the great man's path.
 Black Care no trireme passeth by ;
 She rides ever behind where the knight rides before.

But if Phrygian marble, in heartfelt grief,
If purple apparel can give no relief;
 If e'en Falernian vineyards fail,
And the savin prepared for the Persian's king;
 Why ask me to build upon columns fine
 An elaborate mansion of novel design?
 Why should I change my Sabine vale
For riches, that nothing but worry would bring?

2. Praise of Military Training

IN active service let your brave lad learn
With narrow means, as with a friend, to bear,
 And vex the Parthians in his turn,
 A Lancer of unerring spear.
In outdoor pastimes let him spend his life,
And deeds of peril ; till from leaguered town
 The hostile tyrant's buxom wife
 And daughter, scarce a woman grown,
Look forth, and sigh, " Ne'er in his ignorance may
Our royal suitor cross yon lion's path,
 Who through the middle of the fray
 Strides, flecked with gore, and dark with wrath."
'Tis sweet and glorious for one's land to die.
Death too can catch the man who runs away ;
 Nor thinks it shame through timid thigh
 The coward, or through back to slay.

The brave, who ne'er has lost a stricken field,
Lives in the lustre of untarnished fame,
Nor will he take, nor taken yield,
High office at the crowd's acclaim.
And some, for ordinary death too good,
Valour by hidden roads to heaven doth bring ;
Nor deigns to sup on common food,
But spurns damp earth with soaring wing.
Silence too hath her wage. I would not let
One, who has blabbed dread Ceres' mystery,
His foot across my threshold set,
Nor loose the fragile skiff with me.
Oft good with bad the outraged king of gods
Slays at one stroke ; seldom, though lame of pace,
Vengeance, pursuing with her rods
The culprit, fails to win the race.

3. Against Rebuilding Troy

THE upright man, who calls his soul his own,
 No eager crowd can frighten into wrong :
 He cares not, though in wrath the tyrant frown ;
 Nor changes purpose for the south-wind strong,
 Which Adria's stormy waters holds in thrall ;
 Nor dreads the terrors of the Thunderer's might :
 Though the whole firmament should break and fall,
 The awful ruin would not him affright.
 'Twas thus that Hercules and Pollux strove,
 And striving scaled the citadels of light ;
 'Twixt whom Augustus shall recline above,
 And quaff with ruby lip the nectar bright.
 'Twas worth like this that gave the Wine-god power
 To tame his tigers to th' unwelcome yoke :
 'Twas thus Quirinus, in his victory's hour,
 From Acheron's horrors in Mars' chariot broke ;

When Juno thus th' assembled gods addressed,
 "Oh ! Ilium ! Ilium ! Thee a judge unjust,
 An umpire harbouring crime within his breast,
 And a strange woman, humbled in the dust.
 In th' hour, when from the gods, in evil glee,
 Laomedon withheld the wages due,
 Thy fate was sealed by Pallas and by me ;
 And all thy sons thy founder's fraud must rue.
 But now no more Laconian Helen shines
 With her notorious lover ; now no more
 Priam's false house hurls back th' Achæan lines,
 Through Hector's prowess, to the sea-beat shore.
 That war has sunk to rest. With it let die
 Our feuds that fanned its fury ; I for one
 My wrath 'gainst Mars am ready to lay by,
 And greet his Trojan vestal's hated son
 With words of welcome. Freely let his feet
 Tread the star-pavement of these mansions bright ;
 And let him learn to sip the nectar sweet,
 And 'mongst the quiet gods take rank and right.
 So long as broad seas roar 'twixt Troy and Rome,
 Where'er it like them let the exiles turn,
 And reign in happiness : while cattle come,
 And tread round Priam's and round Paris' urn :

While in their tombs the mountain foxes breed
 Unhindered, let the Capitolian dome
 Stand in its splendour ; and the vanquished Mede
 Be forced to take his laws from haughty Rome.
 Wide let her name be wafted on all sides,
 Her name of terror, where the inland sea
 Cool Europe from scorched Africa divides,
 And Nile at flood-time drowns the fruitful lea.
 She yields not to the lust for hidden gold,
 Deep buried in the ground, and better so
 Than poured perforce into the money-mould
 By hands that nought from rapine sacred know.
 To earth's far confines let her eagles sweep,
 Be boundless as the universe her powers ;
 Where fires eternally their revels keep,
 Where nought is seen save cloud, and storm, and showers.
 But on these terms I grant this fate to Rome,
 That her brave sons ne'er strive, and strive in vain,
 Proud of their might, too fond of their old home,
 To build the towers of Ilium again.
 If e'er in evil hour Troy raise her head,
 Once more in bloodshed shall she be undone ;
 While I the conquering battalions lead,
 Who am Jove's sister and his wife in one.

Though thrice, by Phoebus' aid, her walls should rise,
Built all of brass ; my Argives to the earth
Should raze them thrice ; and thrice her women's cries
Should mourn their husbands' death, their children's birth."
But stay, such themes suit not my mirthful lute.
I pray thee, wayward Muse, cease to relate
The talk of gods : 'tis better to be mute,
Than dwarf in utterance themes for thee too great.

4. To the Muses

CALLIOPE, my queen, stoop from above.
Come, sing a song unceasing to the tone
Of flutes, or with thy silvery voice alone,
Or to the cittern of Apollo's love.
D' ye hear her? or does some sweet phantasy
Make sport of me? I seem to hear her play,
And in the consecrated groves to stray,
Where purling streams and whispering breezes be.
Once when, a child, on Vultur's slope I strayed
Beyond Apulia's limits, and with play
Exhausted, laid me down and slept, they say,
The doves of ancient tale my covert made
Of fresh-picked leaves; and none could understand,
Of those who dwelt in Acherontia's nest
Midway to heaven, or Bantia's woody crest,
Or on Ferentum's rich low-lying land,

How I had lain secure from the attack
 Of viper or of bear ; how myrtle boughs
 And holy bays were heaped above my brows :
 'Twas clear my childhood guardians did not lack.
 Yours, ever yours, sweet singers, I am borne
 Up the steep Sabine hills, where Tibur lies,
 And cool Proeneste glads town-wearied eyes ;
 Or to where Baïæ's threatened waters mourn.
 I love your fountains and your dances still.
 And ye from lost Philippi's shameful field,
 And from th' accursèd tree my life did shield,
 And waves that seethed round Palinurus' hill.
 Would ye but wend with me, I fain would try
 My barque through furious Bosphorus to steer :
 With you for comrades tread, and feel no fear,
 The sands that swelter 'neath Assyria's sky :
 The stranger-hating Britons I would see,
 The Catalans who horse-blood love to drink,
 Gelonias bowmen, and the reedy brink
 Of Scythian Don, nor evil hap to me.
 With you great Cæsar joys to find repose,
 In some Pierian grot, from all his toil ;
 Whilst his brave legions seek their native soil
 Disbanded, tired of conquering their foes.

Ye gentle counsel give, O gentle Nine,
 Nor grudge it given. We know how the mad crew
 Of Titans and their following He slew
 With one impetuous thunderbolt divine,
 Who the insensate earth, the tossing seas,
 The fickle winds, the city's crowd, controls,
 And gods in heaven, and men, and suffering souls,
 Alone, with just unchangeable decrees.
 Yet those intrepid brothers for awhile
 Roused wondrous terror in the heart of Jove,
 When their young sinewy arms thrice over strove
 High Pelion on Olympus' head to pile ;
 But what could Mimas' or Typhœus' might,
 Or huge Porphyryon's threatening stature do ?
 Or Rhœtus, or Enceladus, who threw
 Trees torn up by the roots, a daring wight ?
 Vain all ! 'gainst Pallas' ringing gorgon-shield
 That broke their onset : eager on one side
 Stood Vulcan ; on the other Juno's pride :
 And never ceasing his bent bow to wield,
 He who in dew of pure Castalia laves
 His shining locks, whom Lycia's thickets own,
 And his dear native groves, as Phœbus known,
 The god of Patara's fane and Delos' waves.

Force without wisdom runs itself to earth :

Force, held in due control, the great gods love

To make more potent, yet can ne'er approve

That which in heart to every crime gives birth.

The hundred-handed Gyas witnesseth

My saying's truth ; and th' oft repeated tale

Of him who dared to raise chaste Dian's veil,

And by her maiden-darts was done to death.

Earth, on her offspring laid, laments the lot

Of all her sons, hurled by the lightning's breath

Reprieveless to the blazing realms beneath,

That feed on Etna, yet she moveth not.

Eternally at Tityos' side remains

The hungry vulture, to his sin assigned ;

His reckless love Pirithous moans, confined

By the vast weight of thrice a hundred chains.

5. *Regulus*

WHEN he thunders in heaven, we believe in the throne
 Of Jove : now the Britons at last are compelled,
 And Persians grave, Rome's rule to own,
 Augustus a god upon earth shall be held.
 Have the soldiers of Crassus disgracefully borne
 Strange wives with fond arms of affection to draw?
 And, all the ways of home forsworn,
 'To grow old on the farms of their fathers-in-law?
 Could the bold sons of Italy bend without shame
 To the yoke of a Mede, and their kindred forget,
 And Salian shields, and Vesta's flame ;
 Whilst Jove was above, and Rome harmless as yet?
 It was this the wise forethought of Regulus knew ;
 When he spurned the base terms, that his dearly-loved home
 Had given him back, and would not do,
 What would ruin entail on long ages to come.

"If a prisoner of war be not suffered to die
 Unpitied, the flag of our country," he cried,
 "I see on Punic shrines hang high,
 And their arms with impunity stripped from the side
 Of our soldiers. The hands of our citizens free
 In the fetters of slaves, and the enemy's gate
 Wide open, and our men I see
 Hard at work in the fields that we pillaged of late.
 Do you deem that one, ransomed with argosies full
 Of red gold, would fight harder? The loss would be more
 With sin to boot. Your faded wool
 All the dyes of red seaweed can never restore.
 Nor, when once it has fallen, can the valour that's true
 Let a counterfeit reign in its ancient stronghold.
 When the snared deer the net breaks through,
 And returns to the combat, then he will be bold,
 Who hath trusted himself to the faith of a foe,
 And will Carthage provoke to renewal of strife,
 Who how the lash can cut doth know,
 When his arms are bound tight, and hath feared for his life.
 He warfare and peace, in anxiety how
 To make sure of his own life, would mingle. O shame!
 Oh! mighty Carthage! prouder thou
 If loss and dishonour on Italy came!"

And they tell, how the tender embrace of his wife,
And his little ones' arms, he put gently aside,
Like one already done with life ;
And gazed on the ground, like a man, dry-eyed ;
Till the wavering voice of the Senate grew strong,
At advice never heard in its chamber before ;
And through his friends' reluctant throng
Heroic he sped towards his enemies' shore.
Yet he knew all the while how the barbarous rack
Was preparing for him : but the neighbourly press
Of the vast crowd that bade him back
He passed, at a pace neither greater nor less
Than if glad to be rid of dull clients' long talk,—
Some lawsuit just ended at last,—he had gone
To fair Venafrum's greenwood walk,
Or to Spartan Tarentum, to ponder alone.

6. To the Romans

THE sins of thy sires, till the temples again
 Be builded, thou, Roman ! must pay ;
 From their tottering fanes till the gods see the stain
 Of the black smoke clean vanished away.
 In the fear of the gods lies the conqueror's path :
 Be they thy beginning and end ;
 Who, sick of neglect, the dread signs of their wrath
 On sorrowing Italy send.
 Twice lately Monæses' and Pacorus' arms
 Have routed our legions ill-starred :
 And they laugh, as they add to their necklaces' charms
 Their victory's golden reward.
 Our city, while seething with partizan heat,
 To the Dacians nigh fell a prey,
 And the soldiers of Egypt :—these feared for their fleet,
 Those swift with their arrows to slay :—

Ages, pregnant with evil, first family ties
 And wedlock began to pollute :
 And the stream, that from such a foul spring took its rise,
 Love of country and kin doth uproot.
 Now the maid in her teens takes vile pleasure to learn
 The Ionian dance, and delights
 Her pliant young limbs to advantage to turn,
 And to dream of adulterous nights.
 Soon, a wife, while her husband drinks deep of his wine,
 She seeks younger gallants, nor cares
 To which of his guests, when the lamps cease to shine,
 'Neath the rose she shall offer her wares :
 But, in sight of her nonchalant spouse, the rude call
 Of the broker she hastes to obey ;
 Or the mate of the merchantman trading to Gaul
 Who with red gold dishonour will pay.
 Not such were the parents whose children dyed red
 The blue sea with African blood ;
 Before whom cruel Pyrrhus, and Hannibal fled ;
 Nor mighty Antiochus stood :
 But a soldierly race, in simplicity reared,
 Who with rude Sabine mattock would till
 The fields of their humble forefathers, nor feared,
 At the beck of a stern mother's will,

To cut and to carry the faggots, when far
The shades from the western hills fell,
When the ox left the yoke, and the sun's setting car
Brought the hours that we all love so well.
Is there ought that escapeth the spoiling of Time?
Our fathers' degenerate race
Gave birth to our own, deeper sullied with crime,
And our children will yet be more base !

7. To Asterie

WHY weep'st, Asterie, for Gyges' lack,
 Whom early springs first zephyrs will bring back,
 Rich with a store of Thyrian merchandise,
 A lad of rare true love and constancy !
 Weary and lone at Oricum he stays,
 Bound by south winds, since the tempestuous days
 Of mad Capella, and with tearful eyes
 Watches the cold nights through in thought of thee.
 And yet his hostess Chloe's messenger
 Prates of her deep-drawn sighs, and how in her
 Those fires are glowing, that in thee once burned ;
 And tempts him in a thousand artful ways.
 He warns him how the wife of Prætus' bed,
 Her unsuspecting husband would have led
 By untrue accusations, deftly turned,
 Too-virtuous Bellerophon to slay.

He tells how narrowly from Orcus' arms
 Peleus escaped, who fled the proffered charms
 Of queen Hippolyte, the frail and fair,
 And old-world tales recounts, that teach to sin.
 But all in vain as yet. To all his tones
 Gyges is deafer than the wave-worn stones
 Of Icaros' island-shore. But, oh ! beware !
 Lest thou thy friend Enipeus should'st begin
 To like too well. Although on Mars's course
 None else has equal skill to rein the horse,
 Nor, of the manly youths who swiftest swim
 Th' Etruscan stream, with him dare any vie ;
 At nightfall bolt thy doors ; nor, if thou hear
 The flute's complaining, let thy head appear
 At any open lattice ; and to him,
 Calling thee cruel oft, make no reply.

8. To Mæcenas

THOU wonder'st what garlands of flowerets sweet
 On the Calends of March, and the perfumed heat
 Of incense, and coals on the verdant peat,

To a bachelor are like me.

Know thou, who art skilled in the tongues of the East,
 I have promised to Liber a right glad feast,
 And a milk-white goat with his shaggy breast,

For escape from the falling tree.

This day, as each year brings it round again,
 Shall start the cork with its pitchy stain
 From a jar, that in Tullus's consular reign

In the smoke of the garret grew brown.

So drink, Mæcenas, drink deep I pray
 Of thy friend's best wine ; till the dawn of day
 Let the lamps burn cheerily ! far away

All clamour and anger are flown.

Lay aside for a season thy country's care,
For Dacian Cotison's ranks are bare,
And the Mede is embroiled in a home-warfare,

His own most dangerous foe.

Our rivals of old on the shores of Spain
Are obliged at last to endure our chain ;
And the Scythian quits his unfruitful plain

For the hills, with unbent bow.

What is it to thee if the populace glower ?
To redress their griefs is beyond thy power ;
Take gladly the good of the present hour ;

Let gloomy foreshadowings go.

9. A Dialogue

Horace. WHILST nobody else's youthful arms
 Were suffered to toy with thy neck's fair charms,
 Whilst it gave thee pleasure to see me nigh,
 No King of the East was as happy as I.

Lydia. As long as my own was the best-loved face,
 Nor Chloe had taken the foremost place ;
 My name was more honoured in all the town
 Than Roman Ilia's old renown.

Horace. Oh ! Cretan Chloe so sweetly sings,
 Her fingers touch deftly the cittern's strings ;
 She rules me now, and I'd gladly die,
 If so I could save her a single sigh.

Lydia. My heart is aglow with a mutual fire
 For Calais, son of a Thurian squire ;
 For him, twice over, I'd die with joy,
 If the Fates would pardon my darling boy.

Horace. And what if the old love come again,
And rivet afresh the broken chain?
If flaxen Chloe be bid go pack,
And my open threshold call Lydia back?

Lydia. Though he is more lovely than loveliest star,
Thou lighter than cork, more irascible far
Than Adria's waves 'neath a storm-swept sky;
With thee I'd willingly live and die.

10. To Tyce

WERE you drinking the waters of Don far away,
 With a savage for spouse, you'd be sorry to say
 I was laid, to the winds of the country a prey,
 On your pitiless threshold to die.
 Don't you hear how the door rattles? Hark! how the trees,
 The trim courtyards adorning, groan loud in the breeze,
 And the snow in the gardens, beginning to freeze,
 Crackles under the star-spangled sky.
 Lest the wheel of dame Fortune turn backward, your pride,
 So distasteful to Venus, lay quickly aside :
 Your Tuscan blood need not, like Ithaca's bride,
 Access to all wooers deny.
 Though entreaties and presents can nothing prevail,
 Nor the looks of your lovers as cuckoo-flowers pale ;
 Though your husband's mad love for a singing-wench fail
 To bend you, yet list to our cry

And spare us. Your heart, like the oak's stubborn grain,
Is unyielding ; than serpents of Africa's plain
More cruel : but know ! on these steps in the rain
I will not eternally lie.

11. To Mercury

SWEET Hermes, who with cunning art didst teach
 Amphion's song to move the pebbly beach ;
 And thou, my shell, whose seven-voiced silver speech

Delights the ear,

Right welcome now, though silent once and plain,
 To gorgeous banquet-hall and holy fane,
 A song upraise, that Lyde's cold disdain

Shall stoop to hear.

She, like some filly rising her third year,
 Frisks o'er the broad green meads ; now here, now there,
 Unused to handling, still too young too bear

A master's rein.

But wild beasts and weird forests own thy sway ;
 Full rivers in mid torrent thou can'st stay ;
 Hades' huge janitor, when thou didst play

A soothing strain,

Gave back ; though round his head their hideous wreath
 A hundred serpents wove, and wide beneath,
 His triple jaws were reeking with foul breath,
 And dripped with blood.

Ixion's features donned a ghastly smile ;
 And Tityos ceased to moan ; and dry awhile,
 For even the Danaids music could beguile,
 Their pitchers stood.

The tale of crime and pain let Lyde know
 Of those inhuman maidens ; tell her how
 The water from the leaking tub doth flow,
 As soon as poured :

How vengeance waits for sinners under ground,
 Wretches ! for where could blacker guilt be found ?
 Wretches ! who each durst deal the deadly wound
 To her own lord.

One, only one deserved the torch of love,
 Who to her perjured sire had heart to prove
 Gloriously false : time, whilst his cycles move,
 Her praise shall tell :

Who to her youthful spouse, " Arouse thee," cried,
 " Lest from a source unthought of thee betide
 The sleep that wakes not ; from my father hide,
 And sisters fell,

Who like she-lions, that have caught their prey,
Slay each her victim : I, more kind than they,
Will never take thy life ; nor bid thee stay

A prisoner here.

Me let my father load with slavery's chain,
Because with thy poor blood I would not stain
My hands ; or bid his fleet to Afric's plain,

His daughter bear.

Flee where thou wilt at once, o'er land or sea,
While Night and Venus are propitious, flee.

Farewell ! but grave in memory of me

A record clear !"

12. *To Neobule*

OH ! the misery of the maidens, who to love can ne'er give play,
Nor their wretchedness can venture with sweet wine to wash away,
Or must dread an uncle's scolding. Venus' wingèd boy from thee
Steals thy baskets and thy worsted, and Minerva's industry,
Neobule, 'neath the form of Liparæan Hebrus bright ;
When he bathes his shining shoulders in cool Tiber's waves at night.
He Bellerophon on horseback can excell, and in the lists
Yields the palm to ne'er a rival, in the foot-race or with fists.
Skilfully he strikes the wild deer, bounding frightened o'er the lea ;
And the boar in covert lurking none can draw as quick as he.

13. To a Fountain

O FOUNT of Bandusia, crystal-clear,
Thou art worth a libation and flowery wreath ;
To-morrow, or ever his horns appear,
A kid in thy honour shall meet his death.
Love's earliest promptings he feels in vain,
And vainly he longs for the battle's shock :
His red life-blood shall thy clear stream stain,
Though he be the flower of the wanton flock.
From the fiercest heat of the dread dog-star
Thee greenwood coverts in safety keep :
Ever cool and refreshing thy shallows are
To the plough-tired oxen and wandering sheep.
Thou too among springs shalt be famous made,
When I sing the depths of thy cavern gray,
And the evergreen oak, from beneath whose shade
Thy chattering waters leap out to the day.

14. To the Romans

FELLOW citizens, Cæsar, who lately was said,
 Like Alcides, to court the bay-wreath of the dead,
 With the garland of conquest encircling his head,
 Comes home o'er the water from Spain.
 Go, bid the glad wife of so peerless a spouse,
 When first to the gods for their mercies her vows
 She has paid, with his sister, lead forth from his house
 The solemn processional train
 Of matrons, with suppliant fillets arrayed,
 For their far-away children no longer afraid :
 Let each boisterous youth and each newly-wed maid
 From words of ill omen refrain.
 This day all my trouble in festival high
 Shall banish ; no civil commotion will I
 Ever fear, nor a violent death to die,
 With the world beneath Cæsar's sword.

Go, boy, fetch me unguents, and garlands bright,
And liquor as old as the Marsian fight,
If ever a cask has eluded the sight

Of Spartacus' wandering horde.

Bid the songstress Neæra be quick and come round,
With her chestnut hair in a bow-knot bound ;
If her rascally porter obstructive be found,

Don't tarry, but have him in scorn.

When the frosts of age sprinkle one's hair with gray,
One loses one's zest for the fight and the fray :
In the bloom of hot manhood, in Plancus's day,

His behaviour I would not have borne.

15. To Chloris

O THOU pernicious dame
 Of penniless Ibycus, 'tis time to cease
 Thy toilsome life of shame,
 And make thee ready to depart in peace.
 Shake not thy palsied foot
 Amongst the girls ; nor sully with thy cloud
 Their bright stars. What may suit
 Pholoe, becomes not Chloris. To knock loud
 At youthful noble's door,
 Like Thyiad maddened by the tambour's sound,
 Beseems thy daughter more,
 Who like a roe for Nothus' love doth bound.
 The silky wool that grows
 Near rich Luceria, not the cittern's strain,
 Is thine : the damask rose
 Give up, nor strive the cask's last dregs to drain.

16. *To Macenas*

THE baying hounds that never slept,—
 The brazen tower, the doors of oak,—
 Fair Danaë would safe have kept
 From midnight-prowling folk ;
 If Jove and Venus had not mocked
 Her timid sire, who kept the hold :
 For gates were sure to be unlocked
 To gods when turned to gold.
 The trustiest squadrons gold can break ;
 And rocks with mightier stroke divide
 Than lightning-flash : for money's sake
 Amphiaraüs died.
 The Macedonian city-gates
 Cleft through, and kings of rival tribes
 O'ercame with gifts : Sea-potentates
 Have been ensnared by bribes.

With wealth's increase comes growth of care,

And thirst for more ; so I of right

My head on high refuse to bear,

Mæcenas, noble knight.

The more a man denies himself,

The more heaven gives him. Naked, I

Desert their camp, who live for pelf,

To dwell with poverty :

More rich with what the great despise,

Than if I threshed on my barn-floor

The wheat-crops of Apulian skies,

'Mid princely splendour poor.

A purling brook, a little wood,

A never-failing field of grain,

Are more to me than all the good

Of Afric's fruitful plain.

Not mine are Formian wines to keep ;

Not mine Calabria's honey-bee ;

The fleeces of Gaul's fatted sheep

Are never shorn for me.

Yet want it is not mine to know,

If more I asked, you'd not refuse :

I like to keep my wishes low,

And so have more to use

Than if two continents were mine :

Whoe'er wants much, finds much to want.

They're blest, to whom the powers divine

What just suffices grant.

17. To Aelius Lamia

LAMIA, whose noble name derives,—
 Through ancestors renowned of old,
 Whose fame, by our forefathers told,
 In Latium's mindful annals lives,
 From Lamus,—who was first to reign
 O'er Formiæ's sea-beaten walls,
 And where to sea slow Liris falls
 Through low Minturnæ's swampy plain,
 A mighty prince ;—to-morrow's morn
 Shall see the shore with sea-weed strewed,
 And carpeted with leaves the wood,
 By Eurus' blustering tempest shorn,
 Unless the boding crew deceive ;
 Then all thy dry wood pile to-day ;
 To-morrow to thy slaves for play
 And to thyself for feasting leave.

18. *To Faunus*

BOLD Faun, who lovest the Nymphs who fly,
 When my sunny homestead thou comest nigh
 Come gently, and look on its progeny,

Ere thou goest, with kindly eyes.

So at each year's end a young kid shall die ;
 And generous wines shall the cup supply
 That Venus loves ; and the smoke on high

From thy time-honoured shrine shall rise.

In the bright green meadows the herds shall play,
 When the nones of December bring back thy day,
 And the village be decked in its festive array,

And the oxen have nought to do.

'Mongst the lambs unfrighted the wolf shall stray ;
 And the greenwood strew thee a leafy way :
 On the turf, that he hateth, the delver gay
 Shall foot it the evening through.

19. To Telephus

THE relationship Inachus bore
 To Codrus, who offered himself for his country with joy ;
 And Æacus' family lore
 And who fought with whom 'neath the god-founded ramparts of Troy,
 You can tell to a nicety. Where
 I can buy a good cask of Greek wine, and for what : where to go
 From the chilly Pelignian air,
 And hire a warm lodging, or get a hot bath, you don't know.
 Boy, fill the first glass to the Moon ;
 The second to Midnight, the third to Muræna, our host.
 Let each of us drink to the tune
 Of three or of nine measures, as it may please him the most.
 He who loves the harmonious Nine
 In a bumper to each his poetical phrenzy will show :
 While the graces, who bare arms entwine,
 Will forbid their adorers beyond the third beaker to go,

Lest the revel should end in the fray.
'Tis a treat to be quit of one's senses ; but wherefore so mute
Is the Phrygian viol to-day ?
Why hangs the pipe dumb on the wall by the voiceless lute?
A niggardly hand I abhor :
Come, scatter your roses ; let Lycus grow jealous to hear
The sound of our merry uproar,
And the beautiful fury whose temper costs Lycus so dear.
Enticed by the odorous charms
Of your clustering curls on a forehead as Hesperus pure,
Your Rhoda will rush to your arms,
While Glycera's smiles my sedater affections allure.

20. To Pyrrhus

SAY ! Pyrrhus, d'you know what a risk you incur,
 The Libyan lioness' cubs to stir ?
 You may steal them ; but after a battle with her
 You'll betake you discomfited home—
 When she through the striplings' opposing train
 Stalks seeking her lovely Nearchus in vain,
 The strife will be fierce, whether yours shall remain
 The booty, or hers become.
 While you to your bowstring the swift arrows set
 In a flurry, her terrible teeth she'll whet ;
 Whilst the prize of the struggle lies poisèd yet
 'Neath the umpire's naked sole :
 And the breeze fans lightly his shoulders bare,
 Or lifts the curls of his scented hair,
 And he looks like Nireus, or him more fair
 Whom the eagle from Ida stole.

21. To a Cask

HONEST Cask, that thy summers dost reckon with me
 From Manlius' consulship, whether thy mind
 Plaintive, or glad, or angry be,
 Or full of mad love, or to slumber inclined ;
 Whatever thy vein, thou art fit, jolly cask
 Of old wine, to be broached for a fête ; and my friend
 Corvinus comes, and deigns to ask
 For my mellowest liquor ; so thou must descend.
 He'll ne'er have the heart to withstand, though his head
 Be brimful of Plato, those juices of thine.
 Full oft the rugged worth, 'tis said,
 Of old-fashioned Cato grew warm with good wine.
 The hardest of natures are softened by thee
 With thy gentle compulsion ; the plans of the wise
 Thou barest, for the world to see ;
 Till the counsel most hidden discoverèd lies.

To the mind sick with trouble thou givest sweet Hope ;
And Courage and Strength to the poor man again ;
 He quaffs thee, and feels fit to cope
With the frown of a king and the swords of his train.
 While Liber presides, lovely Venus with song,
And the Graces, their girdles who put not away,
 And lamplight, shall the feast prolong,
Till the stars shall grow dim in the dawning of day.

22. To Diana

GREAT Virgin, three-in-one, whose love
Keeps watch and ward o'er hill and grove ;
Who, three-times called, dost matrons heed,
And save in hour of direst need :
Close by my home thy pine shall stand,
And, year by year, my gladsome hand
Its roots with young boar's blood shall soak,
That ne'er hath dealt the sidelong stroke.

23. To Phidyle

IF at new-morn thy hands to heaven thou lift,
 My rustic Phidyle, and thy hearth-gods gift
 With frankincense, and this year's grain,
 And a young porker newly slain,
 Thy fruitful vines shall 'scape their withering foe
 The Libyan wind ; no blight thy corn-fields know ;
 Thy foster-children need not fear
 In apple-time the waning year.
 Where Algidus gleams white with snow, there feeds
 'Mongst oaks and hollies, or in Alba's meads,
 The spotless bull, devoted beast,
 To stain the axe of the high-priest
 With his life-blood. Thou need'st not from thy folds
 Drag forth the fattest of the two-year-olds :
 But crown'st in peace thy lesser gods
 With rosemary, and myrtle rods.

They, if the hand be clean that lights the fire,
No costly sacrifice of thee require ;
 But crackling salt, and wheaten flour,
 Will melt to ruth their angered power.

24 *Against Misers*

E'EN though thou wealthier be
 Than unspoiled Araby, or gorgeous Ind;
 Though with thy masonry
 Th' Etruscan and Apulian seas be lined :
 If dire necessity
 Her nails of adamant for thy pride prepare,
 Thy heart shall never flee
 Her terrors ; nor thy head her fatal snare.
 Scythians more wisely do,
 Whose homes across their steppes rude waggons bear ;
 Or the cold Getæ, who
 On unfenced acres wheaten harvests rear
 From the prolific soil ;
 And, when the year is over, move away.
 There, for the old who toil
 No more, the younger work and ask no pay :

No cruel stepdame there
 Stirs for her husband's sons the poisoned bowl ;
 Nor lists false lover's prayer,
 Nor, purse-proud, holds her lord in her control.
 Their parents spotless fame
 Serves maidens there for dower, and Honesty,
 That hates wrong's very name,
 And counts it shame to sin and not to die.
 Oh ! if there be alive
 One, who our bloody civil war would quell,
 To vanquish let him strive
 Our boundless license : many a bust shall tell
 His deeds ; and to all time
 Him, " Father of the Cities," shall make known.
 For envy (ah ! the crime !)
 Well-doers hates when present, lauds when gone.
 Can lamentations aught,
 If vice be left to go unharmed, avail ?
 With morals, fever-fraught,
 Can empty statutes o'er the plague prevail,
 When neither torrid zone,
 Nor Boreas' distant home where frost-bound snow
 And ice reign all alone,
 Can drive away the trader ? Sailors go

Triumphant o'er the wave :
 The deep disgrace of poverty can make
 Man every peril brave :
 Yet Virtue's rugged path we all forsake.
 If truly we repent
 Our misdeeds, let our gems, and precious stones,
 And useless gold be sent,
 That bred the wrong, to deck the great gods' thrones,
 While all the people shout
 Applause ; or let us cast them to the sea,
 And by the roots dig out
 The growth of evil greed. Our sons must be
 In manlier practice taught
 Of mind and body. Now our gentle boys
 Of horsemanship know nought ;
 And dread the hunting-field ; but like the noise
 Of the Greeks' jingling hoop ;
 Or love to throw the law-forbidden dice :
 And perjured fathers stoop
 To cheat their partners, or their guests, with lies,
 In eagerness to store
 Wealth for their worthless heirs : but though they get
 Huge piles of ill-won ore,
 A something to be gained is lacking yet.

25. *To Bacchus*

God of the grape ! say where,
Filled with thy spirit, I am hurrying,
Past groves and caverns drear,
At such wild speed. What grot shall hear me sing
Illustrious Cæsar's praise ?
Him 'midst the starry choir with Jove to reign
In deathless state I'll raise,
Chanting a new, sublime, mysterious strain.
Thy priestess from the hills
On snow-clad Thrace bends her weird sleepless gaze,
And Hebrus' ice-bound rills,
And Rhodope, where the lawless hunter strays.
So I rejoice to view
The silent woods and river banks. Great lord
Of all the Naiad crew,
Whose arms can root huge ash-trees from the sward,

No mortal minstrelsy,
Nor common, fires me. Sweet the danger grows,
Bacchus! to follow thee,
The god that bind'st with sprigs of vine thy brows.

26. To Venus

IN the lists of the ladies my life to spend
I delighted of late ; and with honour I warred.
But now I must hang up my lute and my sword,

For my battles have come to an end.

So here on the wall, close to Venus's side,
The seaborne, her innermost temple to grace,
The torches and crowbars and catapults place,
That resistance were wont to deride.

Oh ! goddess ! who reignest o'er Cyprus's isle,
And Memphis, where Thracian snows never fall,
With thy queenly lash touch once for all
Proud Chloe, who scorns to smile.

27. *To Galatea*

WHEN the wicked go forth, let the chattering jay,
 And the pregnant bitch, and the she-wolf gray
 From Lanuvium's hill-sides, show them the way,
 And the fox that has cubs in her home :
 Like a shaft from the string, let the crossing snake
 Their horses alarm, and their journey break.
 I, perhaps too timid, for thy sweet sake
 An anxious augur become,
 Before the bird-prophet of stormy days
 Betakes her at morn to her stagnant bays,
 The vocal crow by my prayers will raise
 From his home with the rising sun.
 Wherever thou wilt, may'st thou fortunate be !
 And oh ! Galatea, be mindful of me.
 Thy path may the ominous magpie flee !
 The hindering raven shun !

But Orion, thou seest, in a storm-troubled track
Is setting. What Adria's bosom so black
Portends, and Iapyx's white cloud-rack,

Too surely, alas ! I know.

May our enemies' children and wives deplore
The unseen earthquakes, the dark sea's roar,
That come with the rising goat ; and the shore

That trembles with each wave-blow.

'Twas enticed by just such a treacherous lull
That her beauteous form to the wily bull
Europa dared trust, then, in mid sea full

Of ocean-monsters grim,

Lost courage : just now, for the Nymphs to twine
A crown, she was plucking the flowerets fine
In the meadows ; but nought save the stars and the brine

Could she see in the twilight dim.

And as soon as she stood on the shingly side
Of Crete with her hundred towns, " Father," she cried,
" A daughter's duty, a daughter's pride

In madness of heart I have left.

Where am I ? Where was I ? One death were nought
To a life of dishonour. In waking thought
Am I mourning o'er horrible infamy wrought ?

Or, escaped from some unseen cleft

In the ivory gates, does an empty dream

My innocence guiltiness make to seem ?

Was it pleasanter stemming the ocean stream,

Or picking the flowers on the green ?

If somebody now to my wrath would give

That infamous bull, not an hour should he live ;

I'd stab him all over, to shatter I'd strive

The horns that I petted yestreen.

Ah ! shameless I left the dear shelter of home :

Ah ! shameless I die not. Oh would that some

Of the gods would hear me, and bid me roam

Among famishing lions alone.

Let tigers feast on my tender flesh,

While the blood beats full in its red vein-mesh,

And my cheeks are plump, and my colour is fresh,

Ere my beauty is faded and gone.

Vile girl, who delayest thyself to slay,

My father is crying from far, far away,

It is well that thy girdle thou wearest to-day,

It will hang thee on yonder ash-tree.

Here are rocks right sharp upon which to fling

Thy body ; or else to the whirlwind's wing

Commit thee ; unless with the blood of a king

Thou preferrest a slave to be,

And to spin at the beck of a mistress rude
Thy task of wool." In her plaintive mood,
With a false smile Venus before her stood,
And Cupid without his bow,
And spoke, when tired of the mocking vein,
"Thy anger and words of abuse restrain.
The bull, that thou hatest, shall tender again
His horns to thy vengeful blow.
With invincible Jove thou art fated to wive.
Nay, sob not ; but fortune so marvellous strive
To beseem : for its own, while the earth shall survive,
Thy name shall a continent know."

28. To Lyde

WHAT better could I do
 On Neptune's day? Fetch, Lyde, from its cell
 The Cæcuban : we two
 Will take by force fenced wisdom's citadel.
 As if the day stood still,
 And yet you know how few short hours survive,
 You dawdle ; haste and fill
 Our flagon from the cask of 'ninety-five.
 Alternately we'll sing,
 I Neptune's praises, and the Nereid's hair
 You, to the lyre's sweet string,
 Latona, and her Cynthian huntress fair ;
 Then both at once we'll chant
 Her who, in swan-drawn car the Cyclads bright
 And Paphos loves to haunt ;
 And finish with a solemn hymn to Night.

29. To Maecenas

WORTHY son of Etruria's monarchs, for thee
 A cask of right mellow wine, ne'er broached before,
 With juices of the balsam tree
 And chaplets of roses, has long been in store.
 Away with delay then ; nor frustrate my hopes,
 Nor always on watery Tivoli gaze,
 And Æsulæ's well-cultured slopes
 And the parricide's hills, for the rest of thy days.
 The wealth that breeds loathing give up for a while,
 And thy watchtower piercing the clouds with its dome,
 Withdraw, a little space, thy smile
 From the smoke, and the noise, and the riches of Rome.
 A change to a rich man is often a treat ;
 And to sup on a cottager's humble fare
 Where tapestried couch or velvet seat
 Appear not, has smoothed the brow wrinkled with care.

Now Andromeda's father his dull fire shows ;
 And fierce in the east gleam Procyon's rays :
 And in the house of Leo glows
 The midsummer sun bringing thirsty days.
 The panting flocks to the wood-shadowed lands
 And the streamlets follow their weary hinds
 Of rough Silvanus ; and the sands
 Lie silent for lack of the wandering winds.
 The means, o'er the crowds of the city due ward
 And watch to maintain, thou art pondering on ;
 What Bactrian king, or Tartar horde
 May be compassing, or irrepressible Don.
 But the gods, in their wisdom, in clouds of the night
 And unsearchable darkness the future hide ;
 And smile, when mortals feel affright
 More than needful. Remember, what is to provide
 With calmness. The rest like a river will be,
 That to-day in its channel with never a curl
 Glides smoothly to th' Etruscan sea,
 To-morrow in one indescribable whirl
 Trees, boulders, and dwellings will hurry along,
 And bellowing herds, while the neighbouring hills
 And woods the deafening roar prolong,
 When the hurricane swelleth the Apennine rills.

Full lord of himself, he shall wend on his way
 In happiness, who, ere he layeth him down
 To rest, can say, "I've lived to-day,
 Whether Jove with the dawning from thunder-clouds frown,
 Or brighten the heaven with an undimmed sun.
 For all that is past even he has not power
 To render void, nor make undone
 The joys, that have fled with the fugitive hour."
 Dame Fortune takes pleasure in cruelty still,
 And plays without pity her insolent play ;
 She changes honours at her will,
 Kind to me over-night, to another to-day :
 While she tarries, I praise her : but calmly resign
 Her gifts, when she spreads her wide pinions and flies :
 My honesty shall still be mine,
 Though my portionless pathway in poverty lies.
 It is nothing to me if the main-mast creak
 With the squally sirocco : with abject prayers
 Heaven's aid it is not mine to seek,
 Lest Tyre's or Cyprus's priceless wares
 Should further enrich the unsatisfied sea.
 In my pair-oared skiff through the seething wave
 A gentle breeze shall carry me,
 And the twin star-brothers my boat shall save.

30. A Prophecy

A MONUMENT more durable than brass
 Is mine ; than kingly pyramids more vast :
 One that nor countless ages, as they pass,
 Nor rotting wet, nor winter's howling blast
 Shall e'er pull down, nor time's swift flight undo.
 Not all of me shall die ; some part shall still
 Escape the grave. With praises ever new
 My fame shall grow, whilst up the sacred hill
 The pontiff with the silent virgin goes.
 Where Daunus o'er his thirsty country-folk
 Bare rule, where Aufidus wild-foaming flows,
 I shall be sung ; the first who dared to yoke
 Greek measures to the words of Italy ;
 Till the poor poet's name get great renown.
 Then take the proud bay-wreath, Melpomene,
 And joy to bind my brows with merit's crown.

ODES

BOOK IV

1. To Venus

WHAT ! Venus, once again
 Wakest thou war, where long there has been peace ?
 Since beauteous Cinara's reign
 I am an altered man. I pray thee, cease,
 Fierce mother of sweet love.
 Too tough to bend beneath thy silken sway
 My fifty years will prove.
 Hark ! how the youngsters call for thee ! Away !
 More worth thy while it were
 To take thy bright-winged swans to Paulus' house,
 With all thy festive gear,
 If thou art bent a worthy heart to rouse.
 His looks and race are good,
 His tongue an anxious client well can shield ;
 His youth and talents would
 Suffice to bear thy colours far a-field.

If by thy powerful grace
 Triumphant o'er a rival's gifts he prove,
 By Alba's lake he'll place
 Thy form in marble, 'neath the citron grove :
 There incense to the skies
 Shall ever float ; there shall the pipe and lyre
 Mingle their melodies
 With Berecynthian flute, and vocal choir :
 There every morn and night
 Shall youths and maidens fair, who praise the while
 Thy power, with feet snow-white
 A three-time measure tread in Salian style.
 Love lives no more for me,
 Nor hope, too quick to trust to mutual vows.
 The brimming bowl I flee,
 And bind no more with fresh-culled flowers my brows.
 Yet, Ligurinus, why
 Does one salt tear sometimes steal down my cheek ?
 Why does so awkwardly
 My tongue keep silence when my lips would speak ?
 'Tis that in dreams at night
 I hold thee caught, or still to follow seem
 Thy unrelenting flight
 O'er the green field of Mars, or down the rolling stream.

2. To Antonius Iulus

If ever a poet, Iulus, should try
 To rival old Pindar ; like Icarus, he
 On pinions of wax through the welkin would fly,
 His name to bequeath to the glassy sea.
 Like a swollen stream on the mountain side,
 That toppeth his banks with the fresh-fallen shower,
 In a boiling torrent flows Pindar's tide,
 In volume unmeasured, and depth, and power.
 To him shall be given Apollo's bays ;
 Whether now, to the daring dithyramb's roll,
 His fluent tongue utter love's passionate lays,
 Unshackled by metrical law's control :
 Or of gods, and of heroes the prowess he tell,
 Worthy sons of immortals, before whose might
 In single combat the Centaurs fell,
 And the fiery Chimæra was slain in fight :

Or the athlete chant, or the noble steed,
 Whom the palm of the gods from Elis' down
 Sends conqueror home, and endow with a meed
 Than a hundred statues of higher renown :
 Or weep o'er the young groom hurried away
 From his sobbing bride, and extol to the skies
 His manly strength, and his winning way ;
 And grudge black Orcus his early prize.
 The breath of divinity, Antony, lifts
 The sweet swan of Dirce, when up to the sky
 He soareth aloft through the dark cloud-drifts ;
 Like the busy bee of Matinus I,—
 Who round Tibur's banks and her river-girt wood
 The honey extracts from the savoury thyme
 With infinite trouble,—in weary mood
 Endeavour to fashion my humble rhyme.
 But thou art a singer of nobler quill,
 And shalt herald victorious Cæsar's renown,
 When he drags the fierce Gaul up the Capitol hill,
 And wears on his forehead the well-earned crown.
 Nothing greater or better the good gods have given,
 Or Fate, to the earth, nor can ever give,
 Than Cæsar, though mortal things vanish in heaven,
 And the much-vaunted ages of gold should revive.

The games in the circus, the festival days
 For Augustus' return with a conqueror's spoils,
 And our prayers accomplished, thy notes shall praise,
 And the forum once free from its usual broils.
 Then I, if my voice can be heard in the crowd,
 Will join in the chorus of jubilant song,
 That hails the fair morning with anthems loud
 When Cæsar comes home from his wanderings long.
 And, whilst you pass on, all the city with cries
 Of glad gratulation, again and again,
 Shall cheer to the echo ; while up to the skies
 Rich incense shall curl from each garlanded fane.
 For thee, my Iulus, ten bulls and ten cows
 Will be a fit gift : in the sweet grass at home
 There sports a young calf, who shall pay for my vows,
 Just fresh from the side of his mother he's come.
 In the form of the moon, when her silvery beams
 Scarce three days old in the west go down,
 A crescent of snow on his broad brow gleams :
 The rest of his smooth soft skin is brown.

3. To Melpomene

WHEN thou, Melpomene,
 Look'st on a new-born babe with kindly eyes,
 He will not famous be
 In Corinth's feats of strength ; nor win the prize,
 How fleet soe'er his horse,
 In th' Isthmian race ; nor crowned with laurel ride
 Up the triumphal course,
 For having humbled the o'erweening pride
 Of some barbaric king.
 On him the streams that flow through Tivoli,
 The waving woods of spring,
 Confer the bays that guerdon minstrelsy.
 Rome, queen of cities, deigns
 To count me with her poet-choir ; her youth
 Applaud my modest strains :
 And now I live unharmed by Envy's tooth.

O thou, who dost contrive
To wake sweet music from thy golden shell ;
Who to dumb fish canst give
Notes that the death-song of the swan excel ;
From thee my honours come :
'Tis of thy grace that passers point at me,
The lyric bard of Rome.
All that I have and am I owe to thee.

4. Praise of *Drusus Aero*

LIKE the eagle, who beareth the bolts of the levin,
 And, having proved trusty with Ganymede fair,
 Was invested by Jupiter, monarch of heaven,
 With sovereign control of the birds of the air.—
 First the impulse of youth and inherited vigour
 New labours to try send him forth from the nest,
 And spring's balmy breezes, that thaw winter's rigour,
 To efforts unwonted encourage his breast;
 And he trembles at first; then with practice grown riper
 He swoops on the fold with impetuous flight;
 And fears not to challenge the venomous viper
 For the mingled attraction of banquet and fight.—
 Like the cub of the lioness, fresh from the weaning,
 Yestreen from the dug of his tawny dam fed,
 Whom the kid in the meadow, the tender grass gleaning,
 Just looks on with terror-glazed eye, and is dead.—

Like these on his war-path the Rhoetian Vandals
 Saw Drusus invading their Alp-shadowed tracks,
 Whose right hand from time immemorial handles,
 I cannot tell wherefore, the Amazon's axe.
 One can't be expected t' account for their manners,
 But tribes, who our arms had long ventured to flout,
 And to flaunt far and wide their victorious banners,
 By the plans of a stripling were put to the rout :
 And learned that descent from a long line of heroes,
 And fortunate training of blood that is blue,
 Never prove unavailing ; and what for the Neroes
 The fatherly care of Augustus could do.
 The brave and the good from like sires are descended ;
 In oxen and horses we constantly prove
 How the traits of the old stock for ever are blended :
 Fierce eagles beget not the peaceable dove.
 But, fair though the seed be of Nature's implanting,
 To strengthen its young growth, and bring it to prime,
 Right nurture is needed ; where this has been wanting,
 Its absence too often is followed by crime.
 Ah ! Rome, what a debt to the Neroes thou owest,
 Metaurus, and Hasdrubal beaten can tell :
 When forth from the dark clouds, that seemed at their lowest,
 The beams of bright sunshine on Italy fell.

'Twas our first ray of hope, since from city to city
 The fell foeman rode through the length of the land ;
 Like a fire through the pines, like the storm without pity
 That wrecks the mad breakers on Sicily's strand.
 From that day to this Fate has steadily lavished
 The sweets of success on the toils of our men ;
 And the temples, that Punic barbarity ravished,
 Have welcomed their gods to their altars again.
 Till at last faithless Hannibal muttered in anger,
 “ Like stags gone a-hunting, we're falling a prey
 To a pack of grim wolves ; and the least of the danger
 Is in hope from their fangs to get safely away.
 The bold race, who leaving their Ilium burning,
 Their children and parents along with them bore,
 And o'er the rough waters insisted on turning
 Their prow to the unknown Ausonian shore ;
 Like the holm-oak, that scorning the bill-hook still tosses
 Her dark boughs to heaven on Algidus' brow,
 Are thriving by slaughter ; they gain by their losses ;
 And gather fresh strength from each damaging blow.
 They are worse than the hydra that, oft cut in sunder,
 Nigh wearied the sinews of Hercules' arm :
 Neither Colchis nor Thebes ever bred such a wonder ;
 Of defeat so unconscious, so greedy of harm.

Sunken down to the depths they emerge but the fairer,
 Thrown hard in the wrestle they rise from the ground
Like conquerors, ready for triumphs still rarer,
 Whose praises the tongues of their wives shall resound.
Ambassadors proud to repeat the glad story
 Of conquest to Carthage no more shall I send :
All dreams of ambition, all fond hopes of glory
 Have perished for ever with Hasdrubal's end.
There is nothing too hard for the Claudian merit,
 Whose race has been dowered with a fortunate star
By Jove, whom the prudence and skill they inherit,
 Ever save from the uttermost stresses of war."

5. To Augustus

O SCION of great gods, thou too long away,
 Best guardian of Romulus' people, dost stay.
 Thy promise fulfil, and with no more delay
 To the holy assembly return.
 To thy country, good leader, restore thy light ;
 Like the coming of spring, when thy face's sight
 Has shone on our people, the days are more bright,
 And the suns more pleasantly burn.
 As a mother her child, whom the jealous breeze
 Of the south-wind keeps beyond Carpathus' seas
 For more than a twelvemonth, in spite of her pleas,
 Far, far from his home's dear walls,
 With entreaties, and omens, and vows doth implore ;
 Nor shifteth her gaze from the shelving shore ;
 So, with fond regretfulness smitten sore,
 His country on Cæsar calls.

For safe in the meadows the oxen graze,
 And Ceres and Plenty the field-crops raise,
 And the white sails flutter o'er stormless bays,

And Honesty knoweth no stain.

No pure home by orgies of vice is defiled ;
 For Statute and Habit foul crime have killed.
 The father is seen in the new-born child ;

And Wrong for her comrade hath Pain.

The Parthian and Scythian hordes who fears ?
 Or the woad-tinted sons whom wild Germany rears ?
 With Cæsar in safety, who cares for the spears

Of the Spaniard on Ebro's brink ?

On our own hill sides we all finish the day,
 And new vines to the widower elms we lay,
 Then over our cups in the gloaming grey

To thee, as a god, we drink.

With many a prayer and libation, poured
 From the brimming saucers, we hail thee lord !
 As in olden time Castor in Greece adored

And Hercules used to be.

" Ah ! long, very long be the years of calm rest
 That thou givest, great chief, to our land of the West,"
 Say we, sober at dawn, and with wine-gladdened breast,

When the sun has gone under the sea.

6. To Apollo

HAIL ! thou whose just anger the braggart crew
Of Niobe's children, and Tityos knew ;
And Phthian Achilles, who nigh overthrew

The walls that the gods helped to rear.

All the rest he could quell, yet was no match for thee ;
Though his mother was Thetis, the child of the sea,
And the towers of old Dardanus shuddered, when he

Approached with his true-flying spear.

Like a pine tree that yields to the hatchet's keen bite,
Like a cypress upturned by the east-wind's might,
He fell in his strength, and his neck snowy-white

Was soiled in the dust of Troy.

His never had been the false spirit to deign
That horse to Minerva a present to feign,
And to turn into weeping the holiday strain
Of Priam's untimely joy.

But, with open vengeance, his pitiless ire
 Had thrown to the flames of the Grecian fire
 Every infant son of a Trojan sire,

 To the babe in its mother's womb :
 If Jove had not bent an assenting ear
 To thee, and to Venus, his favourite dear,
 And allowed to Æneas the right to rear

 A city of happier doom.
 O thou ! who the lute to Thalia didst teach,
 Who lavest thy ringlets in Xanthus' reach,
 Stand up for the honour of Daunia's speech,

 Fair god of the way-side fires. — 28
 From thee have I gotten the sacred flame,
 And the poet's skill, and the poet's name.
 Ye noble virgins, ye youths who claim

 The lineage of knightly sires ;
 Ye wards of the Delian goddess, whose bow
 Speeds swift-wingèd death to the lynx and the roe ;
 On the metre of Lesbos due patience bestow ;

 To my touch on the lyre attend ;
 While you do your endeavour to honour aright
 Latona's son, and the Queen of night,
 Whose silvery beams save the harvests from blight
 As the summer months onward wend.

When anon you are wed, you'll be happy to say,
" It was I, on the century's festival day,
Who sang to the great gods the jubilant lay
Of Horace, my tutor and friend."

7. To Manlius Torquatus

THE snows have fled : green grows again the grass,
 The trees don verdure new :
 Earth changes guise ; the rivers as they pass
 Leave higher banks to view.
 The Nymphs and Graces three, with bosoms bare,
 Lead out their dances gay.
 "Hope not for deathless things," thus warns the year,
 And th' hour that ends sweet day.
 Spring zephyrs melt the frosts : Spring fades away
 In summer's short-lived noon :
 Rich Autumn yields her fruits ; and, well-a-day !
 Dull Winter comes too soon.
 The Moon's waned crescent soon again will swell ;
 We, when we reach the shore,
 Where good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus dwell,
 Are dust and shade,—no more.

Who knows if the great gods to him will spare
To-morrow as to-day?
What thou hast hoarded from thy grasping heir
Will quickly pass away.
When once thou'rt dead, when once from yonder bank
Dread Minos speaks thy doom ;
Manlius, no worth, no eloquence, no rank,
Can call thee from the tomb.
From that deep darkness Dian cannot take
Hippolytus again,
Nor aught does Theseus' strength avail to break
His loved Pirithous' chain.

8. To Caius Marcus Censorinus

FROM the depth of my heart, Censorinus, I wish
 I could offer my friends some elaborate dish
 Of bronze, or a tripod, like those the Greeks gave
 To the heroes of battle ; then you should not have
 The poorest of presents : if only I too
 Could do, as Parrhasius and Scopas could do :
 Who, one in cold marble, the other in paint,
 Were skilled, now a man, now a god to present.
 But I have not the talent for this ; and, indeed,
 Such luxuries you neither care for, nor need.
 Your pleasure is song ; and a song I can turn :
 And the worth of my gift, if you listen, you'll learn.
 Not all the inscriptions on pillars of stone,
 Though they seem to give life to the good who are gone ;
 Nor Hannibal when from our country he fled,
 After hurling his curse at his conqueror's head ;

Nor impious Carthage in ashes ; proclaim
The glory of him, to whom Africa's name
Was added, his victory's sign and reward,
As well as the songs of Calabria's bard.
If paper said nothing, you never could get
The fair guerdon of merit; the world would forget
The son of the War-god and Rhea to-day,
If envious silence had stood in his way.
The favouring tongue of great singers could take
Good Æacus out of the Stygian lake
To the isles of the blest. 'Tis the right of the Muse
The names of the just to pale Death to refuse,
And to make them immortal. Thus Hercules lies,
The companion of Jove, at the feasts of the skies :
Thus the bright star of Tyndarus' twin sons can keep
Storm-battered ships safe from the jaws of the deep :
Thus Liber, with vine-twigs encircling his brow,
Can hearken and prosper his votary's vow.

9. To Lollius

THINK not these lays of mine will soon be dead,
 Which in a style unprecedented I,
 Near Aufidus' wild echoes bred,
 Have wedded to strange minstrelsy.
 Though Lydian Homer reign the king of song,
 Still Pindar, and Simonides are known ;
 Alcæus of the scolding tongue,
 And grave Stesichorus' solemn tone
 Live yet. Whate'er of old Anacreon sang
 Time spoileth not : the love so measureless
 Breathes now, with which the lute-strings rang
 Of Lesbos' burning poetess.
 Not Spartan Helen only fell in love
 With a seducer's sunlit golden hair,
 And garments with gold thread inwove.
 And regal train, and regal air.

Others with equal skill ere Teucer rose
 Handled the Cretan bow : not once alone
 Was Troy the prey of foreign foes :
 Battles were won the Muse might own
 Ere Sthenelus or Idomeneus were born.
 Priam's bold sons were not the first to take
 Their death-blow in the charge forlorn
 For virtuous wives' and children's sake.
 Long before Agamemnon there were brave
 Heroes enough : but all unknown to fame
 They sleep, where no tear gems their grave,
 For lack of bards to hymn their name.
 'Twixt hidden sloth and buried bravery
 There is not much to choose. I'll tune my tongue
 To chant thy praise ; thou shalt not die,
 Lollius, for want of being sung.
 Oblivion on thy labours shall not seize ;
 Thy wit in council shall inspire my rhymes ;
 Thy heart contented and at ease
 In troublous, as in prosperous, times.
 Thou lov'st to punish grasping fraud ; to shun
 Money that gathers all things to itself :
 Thou who art Consul, not for one
 Year, but whene'er o'er lust of pelf

The honest power of justice wins the day ;
That scorns the guilty for a bribe to shield,
 And through the hottest of the fray
 Bears off the colours from the field.
Men wrongly call them blest to whom is given
Great store of wealth ; far worthier the name
 Is he, who the rich gifts of heaven
 Employs without deserving blame.
Who pinching poverty knows how to bear ;
Who dreads wrongdoing more than he dreads death :
 Who for his land or comrades dear
 Fears not to spend his latest breath.

10. To Ligurinus

OH ! 'tis well you should be cruel ! and should boast of Venus' power !
But your pride will turn to sorrow in an unexpected hour,
When your chin begins to bristle, and you lose the hair that flows
Curling round those smooth white shoulders ; and those cheeks, that shame the rose
Raised in Carthaginian gardens, into sallow roughness pass :
Then you'll cry in consternation, as you look into the glass,
Why did thoughts, that now possess me, in my boyhood never burn ?
Or with present inclinations don't my former looks return ?

11. To Phyllis

I've a cask full of Alban that nine years round
Has nearly completed ; my gardens abound,
Dearest Phyllis, with parsley in wreaths to be bound :
 And the ivy grows thick in the wood,
Whose leaves, in your tresses twined, add to their light :
My table with well-polished silver is dight :
And the altar, festooned with the vervain bright,
 Is athirst for the slain lamb's blood.
We are all of us busy ; now here, and now there,
The young men are bustling, and maidens fair ;
And the smoke of the torches is thick in the air,
 As their flames whirl to and fro.
If you want to be told to what festival gay
You are bidden, the Ides I am keeping to-day,
That the month of the goddess, who rose from the spray,
 Clept April divide in two.

'Tis an annual feast, that I reckon of right
 More sacred almost than my own birth-night,
 For Mæcenus counts from this morning's light

His years, as they come and go.

Young Telephus know that you're courting in vain.
 He's the slave of another fair mistress's reign :
 She is rich ; and he thinks with delight of his chain ;

He was never intended for you.

Rash Phaethon, charring with self-sought heat,
 Of the fate of the proud is a spectacle meet :
 And snowy-winged Pegasus, who from his seat
 Ambitious Bellerophon threw.

These are warnings to you on a suitable wight
 To set your affections ; nor think that it's right
 Hopes unfit for your station to keep in your sight.

Come, last of the idolized throng,

Come, sweet ! (for this bosom shall nevermore burn
 With the love of another), to Horace, and learn
 The tunes, that your voice can so charmingly turn ;
 Black care shall be minished with song.

12. To Virgil

THE Thracian breezes, that come with spring,
Over placid waters the white sails wing.
The fields are softened, the streams no more
With the melted snow of the winter roar.
While her breast with sorrow for Itys heaves,
The swallow her nest builds under the eaves ;
Who blasted with infamy Cecrops' house
By her mad revenge on a guilty spouse.
To the pipe's soft music the shepherds keep
In the fresh green pastures their fattening sheep ;
And pleasure the god, who the darkling groves
And the flocks of mountainous Arcady loves.
The season tells us 'tis time to drink :
But if Cales' vintage to taste you think,
Who often with sprigs of nobility dine,
With a box of nard you must earn the wine.

A little wee box shall a whole cask buy,
That in Galba's garret has long lain by;
Whose magic the sweetest of hopes can bring,
And take from the bitterest care its sting.
So come, if you're coming, and don't forget,
Ere coming, the fee for your supper to get.
With the choicest of liquor I cannot afford
To feast you for nought, like a wealthy lord.
Put your scheming for money at once away.
Bethink you, there cometh a funeral day :
For once let your learning with merriment meet :
A frolic sometimes is a real treat.

13. To Lyce

THE gods have heard my vows, Lyce !

The gods have heard my vows :

You're old ; yet fair you fain would be :

You flirt ; with shameless brows

You drink, and call in accents shrill

On Love your lips to seek :

Young Chia strikes the harp with skill ;

He camps in her fair cheek.

He shuns the old oak's withered arms,

He will not hear your prayer :

Your teeth are brown and rough ; your charms

Are wrinkles and grey hair.

Bright jewels don't bring back, you see,

Nor clothes of Coan dye,

The days, that now are history,

When time went fleeting by.

The form, the tint, each fairy move,
 Say, whither are they flown,
Of her, whose every breath was love,
 Who made me all her own?
Alone with Cinara then in grace
 Of mien and look you vied.
But Fate cut short sweet Cinara's race;
 In youthful bloom she died.
The raven's years to you, Lyce,
 Fate grants; nor feels concern,
That forward boys laugh loud, to see
 Your torch to ashes burn.

14. To Augustus

WHAT can the Senate's, or the people's, care
 Or honour's gifts, Augustus, do for thee?
 Can graven stone, or deathless history,
 Tell future times how great thy virtues were?
 Thou mightiest art of chiefs, on whom the car
 Of circling Phœbus shines in splendour down.
 The lawless Vandals now at last have known
 What Rome, with thee for lord, can do in war.
 For fiery Drusus, with thy soldiery,
 All the bold agile mountain-tribes, who dwell
 Where beetling Alps form Nature's citadel,
 From his fierce onslaught forced in rout to flee,
 Not once alone, but on a second field.
 And now the elder Nero battle's stress
 Has tried ; and, blest with heaven-conferred success,
 Has driven the Rætian giant-ranks to yield.

'Twas good to watch him, in the thick of fight,
 Bear down upon the self-devoted band,
 Who doomed themselves to death to free their land,
 Like Auster,—when he dares the tameless might
 Of Ocean, whilst on high the Pleiads' dance
 Threads its still way across the cloud-flecked heaven :—
 So ever, where the hottest blows were given,
 He bade untired his foaming steed advance :
 Like horned Aufidus,—when wild he raves
 Down from the hills of Daunus' sunny realm,
 And fertile plains prepares to overwhelm
 'Neath the white eddies of his turbid waves—
 So Claudius on the foemen's iron ranks
 In fury burst, and heaped along the plain
 Front, flank, and rear mowed down like ripened grain
 In harvest time ; a victor worthy thanks,
 For our loss was but light : but thine was all
 The force and wisdom, thine the gods' support :
 For, since the day when Alexandria's port
 And palace at thy feet were fain to fall,
 Just thrice five years have sped of victory :
 And thy protecting powers to glories past
 Have added this desired success at last ;
 To crown with joy the anniversary.

Thee the wild Spaniard, thee the hordes who roam
O'er Scythia's barren steppes, thee wealthy Ind,
And Media sage admire ; the guardian kind
Of happy Italy and sovereign Rome.

Thee Nile, who hides his sources from the reach
Of man, thee Danube, thee swift Tigris' river,
Thee monster-breeding Ocean, breaking ever
In clouds of spray on Britain's distant beach,
Revere ; the Gaul who scorns from death to flee,
The stern Biscayan, listens for thy voice ;
And Rhine's pale warriors, who in blood rejoice,
Their weapons lay aside to pray to thee.

15. To Augustus

WHEN towns and battles won I wished to sing,
 Apollo chid me with indignant string,
 And bade my tiny barque not dare to brave
 Th' Etruscan sea. This age, great prince, of yours,
 Has given us back our fields of golden grain ;
 And his lost standards to Jove's holy fane,
 That sadly used, not long ago, to wave
 O'er Parthia's haughty shrines. Now Janus' doors
 Are closed in peace. The rein of right and law
 Curbs the wild fretting of the wilful jaw
 Of license ; crime rewards with due disgrace ;
 And Rome's time-hallowed arts again restores,
 On which she throve in wealth, and might, and fame,
 Till Italy's renown, and Latium's name,
 Were feared, from where the sun begins his race
 To where he sets beyond th' Hesperian shores.

With Cæsar at the helm, no factious hate,
 No civil broils, shall vex the peaceful state :
 Nor sword be sharpened for a kinsman's blood :
 Nor city against city in array
 Be set. The majesty of Julian law
 Northern and eastern nomads fills with awe.
 And tribes that dwell by Danube's rolling flood,
 Or Don's morasses, listen and obey.
 And we, on festival and working days,
 With wives and children joined, in thankful lays,
 While Liber's joyous gifts our goblets fill,—
 When prayer to the high gods has first been sung,—
 Will, like our sires, with flute and voice combined,
 The brave of other days recall to mind ;
 Troy, and Anchises, and the race, that still
 By deeds proclaims itself from Venus sprung.

16. Century-Song

Priests

HAIL! Phœbus : hail! chaste queen of glade and grove,
 Diana : hail ! bright glory of the skies !
 To whom should ever rise,
 And ever riseth, worship. Give us what we pray,
 On this Commencement-day,
 Long since by songs of ancient sibyl fixed,
 For noble youths and chosen maids to chant
 In chorus mixed
 High praise to you, great gods, who your protecting love
 To this our city of the seven hills deign to grant.

Chorus of Boys

Sweet sun, that bringest, and dost take away
 With thy effulgent car, the light of day ;

And still the same, yet ever new,
 Art daily born ; than this our Rome
 No greater city may'st thou ever view.

Chorus of Girls

Whate'er the name thou likest best to bear,
 Kind goddess, be our matrons' throes thy care.
 Prosper our marriage laws ; and give
 Fair progeny to every home,
 That, to the end of time, our race may thrive.

Full Chorus

So, when eleven decades bring this month again,
 Thrice at the noon of day
 Thrice 'neath the moon's soft ray,
 The games shall be performed to music's solemn strain.
 And oh ! ye weird prophetic three,
 Dread Fates ! whose once-pronounced decree
 Is changeless, with prosperity
 Our future bless.
 Let earth luxuriantly bear
 Her wheaten crown for Ceres' hair ;
 Let genial showers, and healthy air
 Our flocks increase.

Boys

Gentle and kind, thy darts laid by,
 Apollo, hear thy suppliants' cry.

Girls

Thou, Lady Moon, with golden horn,
 Thy maids' petition do not scorn.

Boys

If Rome arose at your command ;
 If by your will the exiled band,
 Compelled to change their gods and land,
 Have safe possessed the Tuscan strand ;
 When through the smouldering embers of his Troy
 Æneas made his way,
 His country's only heir, without annoy,
 To seek a happier day ;
 Give to our docile youth the sense of right ;
 Peace to our old men give, ye gods of might ;
 And wealth, and offspring, and success in fight
 To Romulus's race.

Girls

May he who slays the bulls of snow,
 Whose veins with Venus' ichor flow,
 Be matchless lord of all below ;
 But ruthless to a prostrate foe.
 Even now the Mede has learned, by sea and land,
 The Alban axe to fear :
 The Scythians, late so boastful, Rome's command,
 And Indians, wait to hear.
 Now Faith and Peace, Honour and Modesty,
 And Worth, whom long neglect compelled to fly,
 And jocund Plenty, with her horn heaped high,
 Resume their olden place.

Full Chorus

If thou, great seer, with radiant bow bedecked,
 Whom the nine Muses love,
 Who canst all ills that weary limbs infect
 With healing skill remove ;
 If, Phœbus, thou wilt look with kindly eyes
 On these our altars on the Palatine,
 If thou on Rome and Latium smile benign,

Our bliss shall grow with growing centuries.
Diana let thine ear attend,
Bright queen of Aventine and Algidus,
The priestly prayers that rise for us,
And to our children's choir assenting bend.

Priests

Full of hope now wend we home,
Trusting, that for years to come,
Jove and all the gods will grant
Gracious answer to the chant,
Which our mingled voices raise,
Thee, Phœbus, and Diana, thee to praise.

O D E S

BOOK V

COMMONLY CALLED BOOK OF EPODES

1. *To Mæcenas*

WITH full armed triremes, friend, thou'rt putting now
 Thy galleys on a par ;
 And on thine own wilt take from Cæsar's brow
 The peril of the war.
 And what of me, whose life with thee is joy,
 Without thee heaviness ?
 Must I be bidden all my hours employ
 In lonely idleness ?
 Or shall I dare this labour, as fits those
 Of manly mould like us ?
 Yes, I will dare ; and thee, o'er Alpine snows,
 O'er cruel Caucasus,
 Or to the farthest bay of western Spain,
 Will follow stanch of heart.
 Thou 'lt ask, what help thy work from me will gain,
 Who play the coward's part.

None : but with thee less fear will tear my breast,
 Than if I stayed behind :
 Just as the bird, who sitting in her nest,
 Bears not the snake in mind,
 But dreads him when away ; although no good
 Her present aid would be.
 This, and all other wars I gladly would
 Endure for thanks from thee.
 Not that more oxen in my fields might graze,
 Or in my harness range ;
 Nor that my flocks Calabria's hot dog-days
 For cooler climes might change ;
 Nor that my country-place from Tusculum
 Might stretch to Circe's wall :
 More than enough of wealth to me has come
 From thee. I never shall
 My money in the earth, like Chremes, hide :
 Nor, like some loose young spendthrift, scatter far and wide.

2. Praise of Life in the Country

OH ! what luck is the man's, who from 'Change far away,
 Like earth's aboriginal race,
 Can plough his own fields with his oxen all day ;
 And has never a bill to face.
 The morning bugle who never need hear,
 Nor dread the roughening sea ;
 Who can keep himself from constituents clear,
 And a client never need be.
 But his vineyard's promising six-years' crop
 To the poplars tall he'll wed :
 Or the barren shoots with his bill-hook lop,
 And bud in better instead.
 The lowing cattle, that long to stray,
 In the sheltering valley he'll keep :
 Or strain the bright honey, and pot it away ;
 Or shear the shivering sheep.

When, wreathed with sweet apples red Autumn appears
 In the fields to gladden his eyes ;
 How pleasant to gather the grafted pears,
 Or the grapes with their purple dyes,
 That anon to Priapus shall fill up the glass,
 Or, god of the homestead, to thee ;
 And to lie for a while in the clinging grass,
 For a while 'neath the old oak tree.
 While the river flows by 'neath its banks' steep height ;
 And the doves in the greenwood moan ;
 And plashing fountains to slumber invite
 With their tremulous undertone.
 And as soon as the wintery season arrives,
 With its snow, and its thunder, and wet,
 With his bell-tongued hounds from the lair he drives
 The savage wild-boar to his net.
 Or from twig to twig he stretches his toils,
 The greedy thrushes to snare ;
 Or at eve carries home, as his share of the spoils,
 A crane, or a timorous hare.
 Who would not, while leading so joyous a life,
 Forget love's bitterest care ?
 But, if there be added a virtuous wife,
 His home and his children to share ;—

Like the Sabine dame, or the sunburned spouse
 Of the hardy Apulian's bed,
 Who kindles the fire with well-dried boughs
 When she hears her goodman's tired tread ;
 Who can shut the glad sheep in their wattled fold,
 And milk the ewes' udders dry,
 And pour the new wine from the jar ;—no gold
 A pleasanter meal could buy.
 Lake Lucrine's oysters I would not desire ;
 Nor turbot, nor mullet rare,
 Which the storm-swept sea, and the east wind's ire
 To our coast in the winter bear.
 The African capon were nothing to me ;
 Nor the partridge Ionia knows
 More sweet than the fruit of my own olive tree,
 Gathered fresh from its juiciest boughs ;
 Or sorrel that loves in the meadows to grow,
 Or mallow that cleanses the blood ;
 Or the lamb that they eat when the bounds they go ;
 Or the kid that was nigh wolf's food.
 How nice, from their pasture returning to see
 The sheep, in the midst of one's mirth ;
 Or the kine driven home, who with tottering knee
 Drag the plough turned up from the earth ;

While the household slaves, like the swarm of the bee,
Lie around the glimmering hearth.
Thus spake Alfius the usurer, ready to go
In the country his days to spend,
When he called in his loans just a fortnight ago.—
And to-day he is longing to lend.

3. To Macenas

If e'er a vile wretch, by impiety driven,
Have strangled a parent at rest ;
Let him garlic, more noxious than hemlock, be given
That a mower alone can digest.
What poison is this in my liver that's brewing
So angrily? By a mistake
Has the gore of a snake with the cabbage been stewing?
Has Canidia been handling the steak?
It was this that Medea drew forth from her flagon
Her beautiful Jason to smear ;
When the fire-breathing bullocks he yoked to the waggon,
Of Argonauts all the most fair :
'Twas a robe steeped in this, ere she mounted her dragon,
She gave her proud rival to wear.
Nothing hotter, I ween, the Apulian peasant
In sultriest summer has known :

Nor burned with more fury the slain Centaur's present

Over Hercules' broad shoulders thrown.

But if ever, Mæcenas, to take to such messes

By pure love of frolic you're led,

May the girl of your heart with her hand stop your kisses,

And sleep on the edge of the bed.

4. Against Menas

THE hatred that sheep from the wolf doth divide,
 Just such to you, Menas, have I :
 With the brand of the Spanish ropes deep in your side,
 And the brand of hard chains on your thigh !
 You may strut in the pride of the money you've made ;
 Length of purse does not alter your kind.
 Don't you see, when you stalk on the Grand Promenade
 With six ells of toga behind,
 How with faces averted the people you meet
 Pass by, nor conceal their disdain :
 " Why this is the fellow the triumvirs beat
 Till the crier turned sick at his pain :
 Now a thousand Falernian acres he ploughs,
 And he drives on the Appian Way ;
 And he sits, a new knight, in the front of the rows,
 In spite of all Otho can say.

What boots it so many new vessels to arm

With beaked prows, the waters to roam

In pursuit of the Freedmen's piratical swarms,

Whilst he's soldiers-tribune at home?"

5. The Witches

"AH! God! if aught of God in heaven there be,
 That governs earth and man;
 What means this noise? Why do these faces me
 With such fell purpose scan?
 I pray thee, by thy sons, if thou hast known
 A real mother's pain;
 By the vain splendour of this purple gown;
 By Jove's supreme disdain;
 Why dost thou glare at me with stepdame's eyes,
 Like a hurt beast of prey?"—
 His tongue, that faltered 'midst his miseries,—
 His garments torn away,—
 Ruth would have moved in th' hardest Thracian's mind:
 So young he was, so fair.
 Canidia, with vipers intertwined
 In her dishevelled hair;

Eggs freshly smeared with gore of filthy frog,
 Bids her weird sisters bring,
 Bones hardly snatched from teeth of starving dog,
 Plumes from the night-jar's wing,
 Wild figs torn by the roots from dead men's tombs,
 Cypress from funeral pyre,
 And each foul herb that from mid Asia comes,
 To feed her Colchian fire.
 Then Sagana quickly came, and strewed the floor,
 Whilst her hair stood on end
 Like a sea-hedgehog, or an angry boar,
 With drops that Hell's-gates lend.
 And Veia, whom no qualms of memory foil,
 Took her hard mattock down,
 And dug a deep hole, groaning o'er the toil,
 In which the boy to drown ;
 That, seeing dainties fit for gluttons' whims
 Fresh twice and thrice a day,
 With chin appearing, like a man who swims,
 He so might pine away ;
 Till marrow fever-parched, and liver dried,
 With their love-draughts should blend ;
 When once his eye-balls, fixed on food denied,
 Had withered to their end.

That Folia's hideous form was there as well,
 Folia's of Rimini,
 Say they who in ease-loving Naples dwell,
 And all the towns thereby,
 Whose witch-chant on the moon and stars prevails
 To leave their thrones on high.
 And now Canidia gnaws her unpared nails
 With livid teeth and dry :
 What said she? nay, What said she not? "Ye two,
 Night, faithful friend," she cried,
 "And Hecate, who, when dark rites are due,
 O'er silence dost preside ;
 Come to me now! come now! now! on my foes
 Your mighty anger shower.
 Whilst in the woods the timid beasts repose
 And yield to sleep's sweet power.
 Suburra's dogs will bark, soon as they've heard
 The hoary lecher's tread,
 Who comes, the laughing-stock, with nard besmeared
 The best these hands e'er spread !
 How? What is this? Have all the potions dread
 Of fierce Medea failed?
 Before whose vengeance, ere she homeward fled,
 Creon's proud daughter quailed ;

When in red flame the gore-dyed cloak, her gift,
 Consumed the new-made bride.
 And yet nor root nor herb on rock or rift
 From me could ever hide.
 Either drugged into deep forgetfulness
 In some drab's den he snores ;
 Or spells of some more knowing sorceress
 Have loosed the bonds of ours.
 It seems, the cup that thou hast quaffed so long,—
 Varus, 'twill cost thee dear,—
 Brings thee not back to me ; my Marsian song
 Thy heart disdains to hear.
 A deeper, stronger bowl I'll mix for thee,
 That shall more useful prove :
 Sooner the skies shall sink beneath the sea ;
 And earth be spread above ;
 Pitch cease to blaze in fire, than thou for me
 To feel the pangs of love."
 The boy strove no more now their wrath accurst
 To soothe with language fair ;
 But paused awhile in silence, then outburst
 In Thyesteän prayer,
 " What though your drugs be great for good and ill,
 They cannot alter Fate !

I curse ye by the gods ! No victim will
That dread curse expiate.
And when my summons of release I hear,
A Fury of the night
With crooked ghostly claws your cheeks I'll tear,
As is a Spirit's right.
Close to your restless hearts I'll take my seat,
For sleep in vain ye'll sigh !
The mob your foul forms soon from street to street
Will stone, until ye die.
Then your unburied limbs the wolves shall rive,
And birds from Esquiline ;
While my fond parents, who their son survive,
Behold your fate condign."

6. Against Cassius Seberus

WHY worry harmless strangers, cur?
 The wolves you never fight.
 Let me your empty wrath incur ;
 I'll give you bite for bite.
 Like Epirote or Spartan hound,
 Whose worth the shepherds know,
 With ear aprick, whate'er be found,
 I'll track through deepest snow.
 With dismal howl you fill the wood ;
 Then snuff the meat they throw.
 Beware ! for curs that do no good
 Right ready horns I show.
 Like false Lycambes' son-in-law,
 Like Bupalus' grim foe,—
 Just touch me with your dirty jaw !—
 Not unavenged I'll go.

7. To the Romans

WHITHER, ah ! whither, with drawn swords in hand,
 Haste ye, mad sons of guilt ?
 Say, has too little yet by sea and land
 Of Latin blood been spilt ?
 'Tis not that Rome in smouldering ashes low
 Her Punic foe may lay ;
 Nor that unconquered Britons chained may go
 Along the sacred way.
 'Tis that this city, as the Parthians pray,
 By her own hand may bleed.
 Not thus with wolves or lions is the way :
 They ne'er on kindred feed.
 Does madness blind you ? or crime's greater might,
 Unpurged, impel you ? Say—
 What ! Silent ? Every face so deathly white !
 Each heart blank terror's prey !

'Tis so. Avenging furies Rome pursue :
A brother's cruel fate.
Earth drank the blood of guiltless Remus : you
That sin must expiate.

8. To Candida

How dares your old wizened throat
My small weaknesses to note ?
Twenty years ago you lost
All the charms you e'er could boast.
Blackened teeth, and shrivelled skin
Tell of worse decay within :
Where, beneath your heart's dry crust
Not affection beats, but lust.
Go in peace : your latter end
Let triumphal pomp attend.
Ne'er may bride clasp round her neck
Richer pearls, than yours bedeck.
Yet, deem not that age, forsooth,
Can attract like rosy youth :
Or that philosophic books
Compensate for ruined looks.

Nay, your form, your face, your breath,
Prove you fit to wed with Death.
If a belle you still must be,
Take him for your beau, not me.

9. *To Mæcnas*

Thy Cæcuban for solemn feasts laid by,
 In joy at Cæsar's victory,
 When, with Jove's sanction, in thy guest-hall high,
 Mæcnas, shall I drink with thee,
 While Phrygian flutes in harmony unite
 Their notes with Doris' dulcet lyre?
 As late, when Neptune's son in hasty flight
 Beheld his vaunted fleet on fire.
 The fetters, that his friends the slaves had worn,
 He threatened he would bind on Rome.
 Now Romans, (future times will treat with scorn
 The tale,) a woman's thralls become,
 The stake and sword and helmet wont to bear,
 To wrinkled eunuchs bend their knees:
 And 'midst our standards stained with battle's wear
 The sun mosquito-curtains sees.

'Twas this that made two thousand Gallic horse
 Desert, and cheer for Cæsar's side !
 Ashamed of this, our foeman's naval force
 Swift homeward to their haven hied.
 Hail Victory ! Bring forth the golden car.
 The sacred oxen quickly bring.
 Hail Victory ! Thou hast found one greater far
 Than he who tamed Numidia's king ;
 Or Scipio, who from Carthage stricken low,
 To honour and a grave came back.
 Routed by land and sea, the vanquished foe
 Has changed his crimson suit for black ;
 And seeks the far-famed hundred towns of Crete
 With breezes that no more obey ;
 Or, where the south-winds on the quicksands beat,
 Is tossing, on the waves astray.
 Then, sirrah, bring us forth the biggest bowls ;
 Bring Lesbian or Chian wine,
 Or better to compose our anxious souls,
 Fetch forth the Cæcuban divine ;
 The cares and fears, that flit round Cæsar's crown,
 In toasts to Bacchus we will drown.

10. Against the Poet Mævius

ILL-OMENED signs to sea the vessel urge
 In which foul Mævius bides !
 Auster, forget not thou with boisterous surge
 To batter both her sides.
 Let darkling Eurus bear away her ropes
 And oars, with fierce head-seas.
 And Aquilo, wild as when on mountain-slopes
 He rends the forest trees.
 Let no kind star through the black night be seen,
 When grim Orion's lost :
 Nor let the watery waste be more serene,
 Than to the Grecian host,
 When Pallas turned her ire from smouldering Troy
 On impious Ajax' ship.
 Aha ! Why sweats so sore yon sailor boy ?
 Why pales thy purple lip ?

What mean thy woman's cries, thy prayers to Jove,
Who will no pity feel?
Is't that the storm in yon Ionian cove
Has split thy vessel's keel?
Ah! Mævius, if thy corpse on yonder shore
Become the sea-mew's prey,
A lusty he-goat to the tempest's roar
And white ewe-lamb I'll slay.

II. To Pectius

I CARE not to write verses as of yore,
 By Cupid's arrows, Pectius, smitten sore ;
 Cupid's, who picks me out from all the rest,
 With each new lovely form to fire my breast.
 The third December strips the shivering trees,
 Since proud Inachia I strove hard to please :
 When my poor suit, I blush to think, was known
 As common table-talk through all the town,
 When at the feast still tongue and vacant eye
 Betrayed the lover ere the deep-drawn sigh.
 " With sordid gold must a poor poet's brain,"
 I used to moan, " be matched ; and aye in vain ?"
 Whene'er, with Liber's glowing juices bold,
 The secrets of my grief to thee I told.
 Yet, though at times my heart indignant grew,
 That to the winds th' ungrateful beauty threw

My weary complaints, that failed to soothe my woe ;
And swore th' unequal strife I would forego ;
When all my virtue's armour seemed complete ;
As home I went, my hesitating feet
Would guide me to her hard, relentless door,
And morn would find me stretched there, stiff and sore.
But now I yield me to Lycisca's spell,
Whose softer charms all womanhood excel.
From her, nor sage advice of friends oft tried
In olden days, nor stings of wounded pride,
Shall move me, till I find a fairer fair
With sweeter smile and more luxuriant hair.

12. To Canidia

WHAT do these constant letters mean ?

These presents, that you send to me ?

I am not such a beast unclean

As e'er your mate to be.

The strength of youth is mine no more :

But still I have the sense of smell,

Keen as trained hounds that track the boar :

And yours I know too well.

Your rouge and chalk avail you naught ;

The crocodile's revolting stench,

If Love were ever in my thought,

His fire would quickly quench

You say I leave you, nothing loth,

Buxom Inachia to pursue.

Can any one, who knows you both,

Feel wonder that I do ?

A curse on Lesbia's head you call ;
By whose advice you let go free
Coan Amyntas, young and tall,
And strong as mountain tree.
For others keep those costly clothes ;
I care not for their Tyrian dye :
My soul your fetid presence loathes ;
As roes from lions fly.

13. To my fellows

WINTER's gloomy days are shortening ; snow and rain in torrents pour,
 As the heavens themselves were falling ; over sea and sere wood roar
 Fierce North-winds from Thrace's mountains. Comrades let us wisdom learn
 From the season ; and, before our joints refuse with ease to turn,
 Smooth time's wrinkles from our foreheads. Bid them bring the liquor here
 Bottled when I was a baby, in Torquatus' consul's year.
 Come, dismiss all sad forebodings. Heaven, may be, will think it meet
 All our griefs to change for gladness. Let us now with unguents sweet,
 Fit for Phrygian kings, anoint us ; while the Cylleneān lay
 With its music from our bosoms anxious care shall drive away.
 Thus of old the mighty Centaur to his noble pupil sung :—
 “ Mortal, whom no man can conquer, from immortal Thetis sprung,
 In Assaracus' dominion, where the cold, scant waters creep
 Of dull Simois and Scamander, thou must sleep th' unending sleep.

Thence the Fates, who spin thy life-thread, hope of safe return deny.
Never shall thy sea-born mother bring thee home from victory.
So with jocund talk and laughter, and the wine-cup, and the song,
Lighten cares, that would embitter years thou mayest not prolong."

14. *To Mæneas*

WHAT sluggish lethargy has overta'en
 The noblest powers I have,—
 As though my thirsty lips had stooped to drain
 Cups filled from Lethe's wave,—
 'Tis killing me to ask so many times.
 For Cupid will not let
 Me bring my long-since promised tragic rhymes
 To fair completion yet.
 Just so his Samian love, they say, of yore
 Made sweet Anacreon's muse
 His griefs in strains of lyric song deplore,
 And graver themes refuse.
 Thyself dost suffer : but thy flame is fair
 As she who ruined Troy.
 Then bless thy stars ! think what my tortures are,
 A flighty slave-girl's toy.

15. *To Neæra*

IT was night ; and the moon through the clear sky was sailing,
 Among stars of less noble degree ;
 When, to anger the great gods with words unavailing,
 You repeated that oath after me,
 Whilst, closer than ivy her tendrils doth tie on
 The holm oak, to me clung your arm ;
 "While the wolf to the sheep-fold, to sailors Orion
 O'er wintry seas threateneth harm,
 We will love one another ; as long as Apollo
 Give his locks to the zephyrs to fan."
 But your sorrow, Neæra, my changed heart shall follow,
 If Horace be aught of a man.
 He will not let you grant all your hours to another :
 Or he too will a new love procure.
 His wrath at your scorn of himself he'll ne'er smother,
 If once of his grievance he's sure.

And you, for a moment who feel a proud pleasure,
And smile at a rival's defeat ;
Though your herds and your lands should increase without measure,
Though Pactolus should roll at your feet,
Though the secrets be yours that Pythagoras cherished,
Though your beauty should Nireus outshine,
You shall mourn in your turn for a love that has perished ;
And the turn of the laugh shall be mine !

16. To the Romans

ANOTHER age in civil war goes by :

And Rome's own children spill their mother's blood ;
 Who scorned her Marsian neighbours' enmity,
 Nor feared loud Porsena's Etruscans rude,
 Nor Spartacus, nor Capua's rival pride,
 Nor th' Allobrox, who swore but would not do,
 Nor Germany's fierce youth, the azure-eyed,
 Nor Hannibal, our fathers dreaded foe.
 Yet our accursed age to ruin must
 Bring her ; till wild beasts own her lands again ;
 And stranger-knights tramp o'er her conquered dust,
 And wake her silent echoes with their train :
 And Romulus' ashes to the winds are tossed,
 So worshipped now (a sorry sight to see).

Perchance ye ponder, all of you, or most,
 Some way from such sad troubles to be free.
 Can any course be better than to flee,
 Like old Phocæa's people, from the curse?
 And leave our homes, and let our temples be
 The lairs, where wolves and swine their litters nurse?
 And go where chance may lead us, or the wind
 May drive our ship? Has any one a plan
 More promising? For, if this be your mind,
 Why not at once raise anchor, while we can?
 But first we'll swear, we will not turn again
 Our ship's prow, homeward o'er the sea to go;
 Till sunken rocks shall float upon the main;
 Apulia's hill-tops feed the streams of Po;
 Till Apennine rush headlong to the sea;
 Till love unwonted in fell monsters' breast
 Awake; till stags with tigers shall agree;
 And hawk and dove be mated in one nest;
 Till lions frighten not the flocks that bleat;
 Till the shorn goat in salt sea waves delight.
 Thus having cut off all hope of retreat,
 Let all at once commence our solemn flight.
 Or, if the herd will never wisdom learn,
 Let hopeless dastards keep their ill-starred home;

While we who dare, unmanly grief will spurn,
 And past Etruria's shore undaunted roam.
 Vast Ocean waits us, that round richer fields
 Flows ever ; there we'll seek the blessed isles,
 Where earth untilled her yearly harvests yields,
 And th' unpruned vine in wild luxuriance smiles
 Where buds that ne'er deceive, the olives own ;
 Where fruit throughout the year the fig-trees keep ;
 Where honey wells from hollow oaks ; and down
 The mountain-sides soft prattling streamlets leap.
 There, without calling, to the milking-bowl
 The gentle goats with swelling udders come.
 No bears at eve around the sheep-fold growl ;
 No lurking viper makes that land his home.
 On every side is bliss. No east wind there
 With ceaseless torrents sweeps the crops away ;
 No bursting seeds are scorched by summer's glare ;
 But heat and cold maintain a tempered sway.
 That happy shore no Argonaut hath reached ;
 Thither th' unblushing Colchian never flew ;
 Sidon's bold sailors there no ship have beached ;
 Nor rested there Ulysses' weary crew.
 No murrain hurts the flocks, no deadly dart
 Of the dog-star makes havoc in the fold.

Jove for the faithful set those isles apart,

When first he 'gan alloy the years of gold

With brass, and then with iron. He bids you start

With me, his seer, those regions to behold.

17. To Canidia

THE wondrous powers of science gain the day.
Now by the realms of Proserpine I pray ;
By Dian's godhead, who no change can brook ;
By all the songs of thy mysterious book,
That loose the stars and drag them from their seat ;
Canidia, cease thy curses to repeat ;
At once unwind the trammels of thy charm.
Telephus could Achilles' wrath disarm,
'Gainst whom in pride he had led the Mysian's band
And hurled the javelin with no friendly hand.
Troy's matrons for the pyre dressed Hector's clay,
Condemned to ravening dogs and birds of prey,
When first without the walls his sire bent low
Before the feet of his untiring foe.
Ulysses' weary wanderers of the main
Doffed from their limbs the swine's rough hide again

At Circe's bidding ; mind and voice once more
 Came back, and faces human as before.
 More than enough of penalties to thee
 I've paid, whom tars and hucksters love to fee.
 My youth has fled, my clear complexion gone
 Leaves naught but yellow skin to clothe the bone.
 Thy scents have turned my chestnut locks to grey ;
 No seasonable rest my toil can stay.
 Night chases day, day night, yet ne'er for me
 Relieves my heart, nor bids me slumber free.
 Dost bind me that through pain I may believe
 That Sabine chants can cause the heart to grieve ?
 That Marsian utterances the brain can turn ?
 What want'st thou more ? Oh ! seas and earth ! I burn
 Worse than Alcides reeking with the blood
 Of slaughtered Nessus, or the molten flood,
 That boils in Etna. Yet thy vengeful mind—
 Till cinder-dry I drive before the wind—
 Glows like a Colchian poison-shop on fire.
 Where shall this end ? What ransom dost require ?
 Speak out. Whate'er thou biddest I will pay
 In faithful penance. Ask, and I will slay
 A hundred steers, or if thou wouldst be sung,
 Thy modesty and worth shall fill my tongue,

Till thou shalt walk the heaven, a thing of light.
 Long since, o'ercome by prayer, his forfeit sight,
 Which they had taken for a slanderous word,
 Fair Helen's brothers to the bard restored:
 Then give me back my mind. Thou canst, I know ;
 Whose infancy ne'er suffered want or woe :
 Who ne'er, like some foul hags, t' enrich thy store
 Rifled the nine-days' ashes of the poor.
 Thy breast o'erflows with love, thy hands are clean,
 The blessings of the womb are thine, I ween ;
 And oft the nurse is called to play her part,
 When baby-wailings touch thy mother's-heart.

Canidia

My ears are shut. Why prayest thou to me ?
 As soon the rocks the naked sailor's plea
 Shall hear, whereon the waves of winter beat.
 Shalt thou Cotytto's secrets dare repeat ?
 Make mock unharmed at Cupid's rights divine ?
 And self-installed High-Priest of Esquiline,
 Scatheless fill all the city with my name ?
 'Twas not for this I fee'd the Marsian dame,
 And learned to mix quick laudanum in the bowl.

More tedious pains shall weary out thy soul,
 Thankless for wretched life, thou still shalt live,
 With sufferings daily fresh that thou may'st grieve.
 Pelop's false sire in vain for rest doth long
 For one kind drop to cool his parching tongue ;
 Prometheus from his vulture to be free ;
 Sisyphus on the mountain poised to see
 His stone ; Jove's laws their longings futile keep.
 So thou shalt long from some high tower to leap,
 Deep in thy chest to flesh the Noric sword,
 Or fit around thy neck the fatal cord,
 In abject bitterness of heart-sick pride ;
 Whilst I, a night-mare on thy neck will ride,
 And earth shall own the boundless sway I boast.
 Think'st thou my songs, whose power by search thou know'st
 Shall quicken into motion forms of wax—
 Draw down the constellations from their tracks—
 Give life to ashes from the funeral-pyre—
 Sweeten the cup that feeds love's lingering fire—
 Yet fail to work on thee the ends that I desire ?

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